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Russia

Through the Stereoscope

A Journey Across the Land
of the Czar from Finland
to the Black Sea

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY

M. S. EMERY 1859–

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO ENJOY PICTURES"

1-27589

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THE STORY OF RUSSIA, IN BRIEF.

The legends of ancient peoples have a charm for us all. But quite as fascinating in their own way are the mingled reminiscences and prophecies of a pioneer in a new country,—a man who has himself seen the beginnings of local history, and who at the same time looks ahead to greater things coming. It is partly just this intimate mingling of retrospect and outlook which gives its peculiar relish to American life. Perhaps it is by reason of our recognition of her national youth, like and yet so unlike our own, that makes Russia today one of the most interesting lands and the Russian one of the most interesting people in the world. For Russian history is essentially just beginning. The chronicles of Russia's rise out of semi-Asiatic barbarism are only the preface to a book with most of its pages still blank.

The Czar today rules over one-seventh of the whole world, the autocrat of more than one hundred and thirty million subjects. His nation is like a vigorous young giant, the child of fierce, rough ancestors, a giant with a mind of his own, not wholly understood by the European mind in general,—a giant who can do most things, who certainly will do many things, and whose purposeful movements are being watched with eager curiosity and speculation by all the rest of the world.

The little history which Russia has thus far had time to write throws an interesting light on the present and the future of her remarkable people.

Russia Before Peter the Great.

The earliest traceable ancestors of the Russian people were Slavonians who migrated from some Asiatic region into eastern Europe about twenty-four hundred years ago. For many centuries they kept up roving habits, and it was not until the fifth

century that they made settlements of any permanent importance. These were on the sites of the present Novgorod the Great and Kief. In the ninth century, Rurik, a pagan prince of Scandinavia, conquered the scattered tribes of Russia and established a rude monarchical government at Novgorod. Near the close of the tenth century, Vladimir, the seventh ruler in descent from Rurik, embraced Christianity, and brought architects from Greece and Constantinople to build churches for the new worship. He was afterwards canonized by the Russo-Greek Church and is now a favorite saint. Yaroslaf, the son of Vladimir, continued his father's efforts to extend Christianity among the scattered people, and to develop some national regard for the arts of peace. To him credit is due for the first code of laws compiled for the kingdom.

In the thirteenth century, Russia was invaded by a horde of savage Tartars from central Asia, under the leadership of the chieftain Genghis Khan. The Swedes, Danes and Poles also made successive attacks on their harassed Russian neighbors, and internal dissensions between the petty principalities of Novgorod, Kief, Vladimir and Moscow made wretched the intervals between foreign invasions. For three hundred years the land was ravaged by wars, pestilence and famine. One of the heroes of these old days was Prince Alexander, the son of Yaroslaf II of Novgorod, who in the thirteenth century fought the combined forces of the Swedes, Danes and Livonians on the banks of the Neva river. He was thereafter known as Alexander Nevsky (Alexander of the Neva), and after his death he too became a saint in the Russian calendar.

Ivan (John) I, in the fourteenth century, expended large sums in building the city of Moscow; and about the middle of the century, under Ivan II, Moscow became the established and recognized capital of the country. Ivan III married a Greek princess from Constantinople, and this marriage added to the imperial coat of arms the double-headed eagle which is still the national emblem. But repeated invasions of Tartars and civil wars carried

on by rival claimants to the throne prevented anything like steady development of a national life. It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that the Tartars were finally routed and their domination destroyed. Ivan IV, the first Russian monarch to bear the title of Czar, in 1552, besieged and captured Kazan, the chief stronghold of the Tartars, and took their Khan prisoner. Besides, he made war on Poland and the Baltic province of Livonia, and defeated Gustavus Vasa of Sweden in a battle near Viborg in Finland. Ivan the Terrible, as he was called, was famous for his fierce temper and for acts of savagery conspicuous in an age when Europe was not easily shocked by any exercise of power in high places; but the fact that he drove out the detested Tartars suffices in loyal Russian eyes to cover his personal sins. Tradition says he did, in the end, repent the ghastly severities with which his reign was stained, and that he retired to a monastery, assuming the garb of a religious penitent.

Serfdom was definitely established in Russia by the Czar Boris in 1597, when an imperial edict forbade peasants to leave the land on which they were at a certain date.

In 1613, at the close of a costly but victorious war with Poland, the succession of the old dynasty of Rurik came to an end, the line of descent being hopelessly lost. A national convention was called, and this convention elected as Czar a youth of sixteen named Michael Romanoff, the heir of an ancient and noble family; and all the Czars since that time have been in the line of Michael's descendants, scions of the house of Romanoff. During Michael's reign the country was again involved in devastating wars with Poland and Sweden, but peace was brought about by the mediation of England, France and Holland. The Russian army itself was reorganized by Michael, on the model of the then-existing armies of France and Germany. A son (Alexis) and then a grandson (Theodore III) of the Czar successively occupied the throne after Michael's death in 1645. In 1682, Ivan V, the brother of Theodore III, and Peter, a half-brother (son of Alexis by another wife), were crowned joint

heirs to the kingdom under the regency of their older sister Sophia. In 1689, Ivan V, having found himself unequal to the cares of state, resigned his share in the government, and, Sophia having been banished on the charge of inciting revolts among the national troops, Peter became, at the age of seventeen, the master of the empire.

Russia Since the Accession of Peter the Great.

It has been said that Peter the Great did not merely develop Russia. He created Russia. He is one of the most interesting figures in modern history, for it is largely due to his shrewd foresight, his almost superhuman energy and his dogged persistency in both military and constructive undertakings that Russia owes her present place among the nations.

Peter's foremost ambition was for the extension and unification of the empire. His first military movements—against the Turks at Azof, and against the Swedes under Charles XII at Narva—were failures, but, as he philosophically observed, his enemies taught him how to conquer. In 1696, he took Azof from the Turks; then, having a good seaport but no ships to sail from it, he took two years for work and observation, chiefly in Holland and England, where he personally learned all the details of ship-building as it was then practiced, working with his own hands like any common apprentice. A rebellion arose among his troops in 1698, but he took summary measures to put it down; and, having lost Azof to the Turks, he undertook new wars with Sweden in order to obtain sea-coast on the Baltic. This time he was successful, and large districts were added to Russia by the terms he obtained through the treaty of Nystad.

It was in 1703 that he founded the city of St. Petersburg on the Neva, sending workmen there by thousands from different parts of the empire, and actually creating a new national capital where there had been only a swampy morass. All the stone used in constructing breakwaters, wharves, buildings and streets was

carried there for the purpose. Large numbers of Russian nobles and merchants were summoned to take up their residence in the new city.

Various new ideas brought home by the Czar from western Europe were energetically put into execution. He built a small navy, and drilled his men in seamanship and in all sorts of trades connected with boat building and with navigation. He constructed canals. He established schools. He inaugurated entirely new court customs, requiring the attendance of ladies at court functions, from which they had previously been excluded in semi-Oriental fashion. He made government officials shave their long, Asiatic beards and wear European dress. He even revised the Russian alphabet. Almost every inch of ground in St. Petersburg is in one way or another associated with stories of his immense energy in re-making the country and the people.

Peter was succeeded by his widowed second wife, the Empress Catherine I, and Catherine by Peter II, a grandson of Peter the Great by way of his first wife Eudoxia. The death of Peter II ended the direct male succession of the house of Romanoff, and the next ruler (1730) was a niece of the great Peter, the Empress Anne, daughter of Ivan V, the half-brother of Peter, who had shared the throne for a time and then resigned his share in the joint government. In 1732, Anne removed the seat of government from St. Petersburg to Moscow. During her reign wars were carried on with the Poles, resulting in the capture of Dantzig, and with the Turks, resulting in the retention of Azof and the giving up to Turkey the Moldavian provinces. Count Biren, a favorite of the Empress, was left, on her death, regent during the minority of her grand-nephew, Ivan VI, then a young child; but Biren's personal unpopularity brought the country to the brink of a revolution. The mother of the child Ivan VI became regent in his stead; but this second regency was also unsatisfactory, and in 1741, Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter the Great, was proclaimed Empress. Elizabeth established the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg, and in various ways im-

proved her father's favorite city; but wars with Prussia and Sweden were a constant drain on the resources of the country, and the social condition of the empire was a curious mixture of courtly elegance and primitive barbarity.

Elizabeth's nephew, Peter III (son of Anne, the eldest daughter of Peter the Great), succeeded to the throne in 1762. He made peace with Prussia, established various needed modifications of the customs duties, and founded a bank for money-lending, but he had no hold on popular feeling. His widow, who succeeded him as Catherine II, was a woman of remarkable force of character and executive ability. She is often called Catherine the Great, and her reign from 1762 to 1796 was full of important movements and developments for the strengthening of the Russian empire.

Wars with the Turks and Tartars resulted in the acquisition of large territories in the east, and the successive partitions of Poland between Russia, Prussia and Austria gave the Russian empire all of the Polish territory east of the Niemen and Bug rivers. Catherine was also a patron of literature, art and science, as well as a long-headed politician. Voltaire corresponded with her and expressed great admiration for the quality of her mind. "Light comes now from the North," he said. She gave the large towns charters, with the right to choose mayors and magistrates, and made important changes in the condition of the nobles and clergy. The nobles of each province were formed into a corporate body, with the power of electing judges and various minor officers. An interesting attempt was even made to establish a national parliament. A commission of between five and six hundred deputies from different classes of citizens and officials met in Moscow in 1767, and made drafts of laws, afterwards issued by the Empress; but, this commission proceeding to undertake an investigation into the institution of serfdom, its influence was considered dangerous, and the assembly was dissolved the same year.

Paul, the son of Catherine, was a weak monarch whose reign

had little significance in the development of the nation; but the reign of Alexander, his son (grandson to Catherine), is famous for achievements both of war and of peace. In 1805, Alexander joined the northern powers in their stand against Napoleon, but the Austro-Russian armies were defeated at Austerlitz. In 1806, the French took Warsaw; in 1807, they took Dantzig; the same year the combined forces of Russia and Prussia were defeated by the French at Friedland. The treaty of Tilsit, signed by Alexander and Napoleon, made Russia an ally of France in her movement against Spain; but the alliance was found to involve so much disadvantage to Russia's commercial interests that Alexander withdrew from it. Napoleon, in retaliation, made his famous invasion of Russia in 1812.

In June of that year the French crossed the Niemen into Russian territory, and were allowed by the Russians to advance farther and farther into the country, without being engaged in any general battle until the 7th of September at Borodino, seventy miles west of Moscow. Here the French were victorious, though at the expense of great losses. September 14th, the French army came in sight of Moscow, and believed they had a magnificent conquest before them. "All this is yours," so Napoleon declared to his troops, as they gazed at the glittering domes of the old capital, and made ready to descend upon it. But, when they entered the great gates, they found to their amazement that the city had been abandoned by its three hundred thousand people and set on fire. It was impossible to remain and occupy the captured ground. Napoleon attempted to open negotiations for peace, but the commander of the Russian forces refused to make any treaty with him so long as a foreigner remained within Russian territory. Three different attempts by Napoleon to make terms were successively refused, and, in the middle of October, the French, unable for lack of supplies either to advance or to remain where they were, began to retreat toward the frontier. This retreat from Moscow was one of the greatest military disasters in all history. The French soldiery, unprepared for the

rigors of a northern winter, suffered horribly from cold and hunger, as well as from the attacks of the Russian troops. It was the middle of November before they passed Smolensk, and the remainder of the month saw the forlorn and desperate scramble of a disorganized rabble to escape from death. At the passage of the Beresina river almost all that remained of the army were destroyed. It is said that over 257,000 of the French army died during this one campaign, 193,000 more being taken prisoners,—a total loss to France of 450,000 men.

After peace was declared in 1815, Alexander devoted himself chiefly to developing the resources of Russia and improving details of the government. During his reign, Finland became united with Russia, Alexander taking the title of Grand Duke of Finland. He was honestly beloved for his integrity of character, as well as admired and respected for his ability as a soldier and a statesman.

Nicholas I, a younger brother of Alexander I, in 1825 succeeded that ruler, who left no children. Wars with Persia and Turkey during his reign brought new advantages to Russia,—a large money indemnity from Persia and increased territory about the Black Sea from Turkey. In 1833, Turkey agreed, in consideration of help received from Russia against Egypt, to close the Dardanelles against all foreign vessels of war; but in 1839 the Ottoman empire was placed under the joint protection of the great European Powers, as a fuller security for peace in Europe. Fourteen years later (1853) the refusal of Turkey to agree to certain demands made by Russia in behalf of the privileges of Greek Christians in the Holy Land led to a declaration of war on Russia's part, and within a few months (1854) Turkey, France, England and Sardinia were united against her, in order to prevent her obtaining possession of Constantinople. The war which followed centred in the Crimean peninsula, and involved battles and sieges that are now world-famous. The siege of the Russian fortress of Sebastopol by the allied armies lasted a year (from October, 1854, to September, 1855). The battle of Bal-

aclava (1854) was the occasion of the disastrous movement of the English Light Brigade,—celebrated by Tennyson,—when 670 Englishmen, with the enemies' batteries at each side and in front, charged against a troop of Russian artillery. Of the 670 only 198 lived to return. The Crimean war was ended by a treaty signed at Paris in 1856; Sebastopol was restored to Russia, and the Black Sea was declared neutral.

The reign of Alexander II, son of Nicholas, was a time of enormous forward movement in the national life of Russia. The working of coal beds and oil wells was encouraged; railroads and telegraph lines were greatly extended, in comparison with their limited use when Alexander I came to the throne. But the greatest achievement of all in the line of social improvement was the emancipation by Alexander, in 1861, of all the serfs in the empire, comprising some 53,000,000 individuals, then almost half the entire population, and the establishment of a system by which the serfs in the country districts should gradually become the actual owners of the lands they tenanted and tilled; at the same time the nobles, the original landed proprietors, were to be reimbursed by the State for these lands and for their loss of the serf-labor, they themselves being in turn released from the legal responsibilities previously laid upon them for their serf dependents, *e. g.,* care of the poor, obligation to defend tenants in actions at law and other protective duties.

In order to make as easy as possible for the newly emancipated peasants the task of paying the State for the land which had formerly belonged to the nobles, a system of collective taxation was adopted, placing the legal responsibility for payment not on individual peasants, but on groups of peasants, or village communes. It amounted to making the *Mir,* or village commune, the actual owner of the land, parcels of ground being allotted to families for their independent use, according to the number of persons in any given family to work the land and to be supported by its products.

The practical working of the Emancipation Act has not yet

brought about ideal conditions in peasant life. The necessity that the *Mir*, being responsible for the land taxes, shall have a permanent communal existence, led to various restrictions of peasant liberty of movement; and the illiteracy of the Russian peasant, his easy-going temperament and his love of drink—perhaps no greater than that of most northern peoples—have combined thus far to keep the average social life of the peasant class at a low level.

The reforms introduced by Alexander II, the Czar Liberator, as he was called, included the establishment of courts of law on the basis of trial by jury, the abolition of corporal punishment, the increase of public education in both elementary and secondary schools, and the social elevation of the clergy, who, as a class, had been given too little dignified recognition by the laity.

Military operations in the east during the reign of Alexander resulted in extending the empire still farther into Asia, enlarging Siberia by the acquirement of a great part of Turkestan and other territories.

In 1875, insurrections against Turkey broke out in her Danubian provinces, and in 1876 a conference was held at Constantinople to bring about reforms in the Ottoman administration; but the conference failed of its purpose, and in 1877 Russia declared war against the Sultan. A series of brilliant engagements, with heavy losses on both sides, lasted until the spring of 1878, when Russia was on the point of taking Constantinople, and at last securing an open road to the Mediterranean. Navigation in the Baltic and White Seas, being closed many months in the year by ice, does not give Russia the outlet she wants; the possession of Constantinople has for centuries been coveted as the one bit of vantage-ground necessary in order to gain everything else. Alexander I, in his time, is said to have remarked, with terse significance: "Il faut avoir les clefs de notre maison dans la poche." (We should have the keys of our house in our pocket.)

But the other European Powers interfered. In June, 1878,

representatives of the Powers met at Berlin under the presidency of Bismarck, and in July a treaty was signed. Turkey paid Russia a large indemnity, but ceded to her only Ardahan, Kars and Batoum at the east of the Black Sea.

The restoration of peace gave Alexander II opportunity to carry still further his large designs for the improvement of conditions within his own empire, and there is little doubt that he would have gradually brought about more and more beneficent changes in the order of things, had he been allowed to carry out his plans for the good of the country. But during his reign the rapid increase of public education, co-existing with a relatively slow development of industrial and commercial opportunities for putting a larger education to use, had produced a class of discontented theorists about the social order. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The military campaigns of the century, drawing so heavily on the resources of the country, had left comparatively little capital and energy to be devoted to positive, constructive undertakings of an industrial sort, and the emancipation of the serfs had itself cost the government some five hundred million dollars, seriously crippling the country's general enterprises. This being the case, among certain circles of the disappointed, bitterness of feeling grew into organized hatred against the existing order of things, and led them to seek for the total destruction of the existing order, as a necessary condition of anything better. The Nihilists—so called from their demand for the annihilation of existing principles and practices of government, religion and social order—became forty years ago a dangerous element in Russia. Secret organization intensified their feeling to the point of fanaticism, and led various of their adherents into criminal violence, with the most fatal wrong-headedness and the most absolute self-sacrifice curiously united. Between 1866 and 1881, repeated attempts were made by members of the organization to assassinate the Czar, and in March, 1881, a final attempt was successful. As Alexander was driving through St. Petersburg, a shell was thrown under

his carriage, wounding two of his escorts, and, a few minutes later, a second shell, thrown directly at his feet, exploded, giving him wounds of which he almost immediately died.

The murdered Czar was adored by the peasants whom he had freed and loyally respected by the whole body of his subjects. The hot-headed Nihilists, however, could not give him time for the further reforms he so earnestly desired to make for the good of his people. He was full of plans for the betterment of the country, and many of these plans would, in all human probability, have been soon carried out if he had lived a few years longer. In a speech made in 1879 he said: "We have great tasks yet before us. Those to be attended to at once are the reduction of our expenses, the regulation of our currency, further reorganization of our army and the improvement of the sanitary conditions of our country." And in the last speech he made before his assassination he enumerated among the projected improvements the extending and cheapening of the railroad service and the reduction of various taxes. Less than a month before his death he had ready for enactment a state document summoning a species of Congress or Parliament to advise with him in regard to needed legislation; but his violent taking-off put an end, for the time, to the prospects of any such modification of the existing government.

Alexander III, who became Czar on his father's death, in 1881, was conservatively Russian and not inclined to further the modernization of the country. He married a daughter of the King of Denmark, and his son, Nicholas II, who succeeded him in 1894, is consequently a nephew of the Queen of England. The present Czarina, the wife of Nicholas, is a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and of Princess Alice of England, daughter of Queen Victoria, and so is a niece of the King of England. They are exceedingly popular, and can depend on loyal support from the vast body of their subjects.

In 1890-91, when the present Czar was the heir-apparent or Czarevitch, he made an extended journey through Greece, Egypt,

British India, French Indo-China, Japan, China and Siberia; and one of his travelling companions, Prince Oukhtomski, later published a full account of these travels, saying: "The time has come for the Russians to have some definite idea regarding the heritage that the Genghis Khans and the Tamerlanes have left us. Asia! We have been part of it at all times; we have lived its life and shared its interests; our geographical position irrevocably destines us to be the head of the rudimentary powers of the East."

One of the wisest students of Russian history and progress says of the new Trans-Siberian railroad which is being rapidly pushed across the continent to Vladivostock on the Sea of Japan:—

"In the commerce of the world, the Trans-Siberian will work as important a revolution as did the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope in the fifteenth century or the construction of the Suez Canal in the nineteenth. The future policy of Russia will be to secure the full attainment of what she has been striving after for centuries in her onward march through the Siberian wilds; that is, access to seas free from ice, where her fleets of war and commerce may have unhindered course. Russia is attaining this freedom of the sea four hundred years later than Spain, Portugal, France, England and Holland. She has lost nothing in having waited so long. She is about to inaugurate a new era in her history. The oceanic, the world-wide era is merely beginning for the Slav."

A WORD BEFORE STARTING.

Many years ago, when tea was a rare luxury, an old sea-captain sent to a friend a small parcel of precious Oolong, thinking to give great pleasure. But the thanks of the recipient had a doubtful ring, so the captain asked how the family had enjoyed the gift.

"Well, you see, we weren't quite sure how to cook it," was the apologetic confession; "but we boiled it tender and ate it for greens. It's a curious taste, isn't it?"

We are all likely to make similar mistakes in our use —and, consequently, in our valuation—of stereographs. In order, therefore, to get from our Russian tour all the pleasure and profit it can give, let us take a few minutes in preparation for the journey, and see:—

a. What is a stereograph?

b. How stereographs should be used.

What is a Stereograph?

There is a fundamental difference between an ordinary photograph and a stereograph. The photograph is taken by means of a single lens-opening in the camera. It shows a building, for instance, exactly as we should see the same building with one eye closed. But in actual vision we use two eyes; the retina of the right eye receives one impression, the retina of the left eye receives another impression, *not* the exact duplicate of the first; our consciousness combines the two impressions into one;

what we practically "see" is a composite of the two retinal impressions.

It is easy to make a simple, experimental test of the difference between one's impressions of the form of a solid object received by the two eyes. Hold your right hand straight out at arm's length in front of you, the palm toward the left, the back of the hand toward the right. Close the left eye and look at the hand. You see almost nothing of the palm, but you do see something of the surface of the back of the hand. Hold the arm in exactly the same position; close the right eye and look with the left only. Now you see little or nothing of the back of the hand, but a part of the palm is visible. Now look with both eyes, as usual. You see a part of the back of the hand and a part of the palm as well; in fact, you see part way *around* the hand. That is to say, you "see" a composite of the varying reports sent in to the brain by the two eyes, and the result is that the hand looks solid and substantial. It seems to occupy space in three directions, height, width and thickness.

A single photograph of a hand at the distance and in the position indicated above would not give precisely this effect of solidity, of space-occupancy, of tangible reality. The photographic camera has only one eye. Just as a one-eyed man becomes accustomed to his limitations, and learns to piece out his incomplete vision with the help of memory and comparison of other experiences, guessing at solidity on the hint of suggestive shadows here and there, which could, he feels sure, be

caused only by certain changes in the direction of the surface of a thing, so we find ordinary photographs, in spite of their one-eyed vision, immensely *suggestive* of the experiences of direct vision. Photographs are good things.

But stereographs are far better whenever the subject under consideration is one where we wish to *experience the sensation of actually looking at the things themselves.* For what we have in a stereograph of any given scene is a presentation to each eye, separately, of just what that eye would see when the observer occupied one given standpoint. The differences between the observations of the two eyes, one seeing a little farther around on the right side of things, the other seeing farther around their left side, can be partially discovered by a careful comparison of the two parts of any particular stereograph in which some object in the foreground is outlined against some object in the background; but, if we thus examine one of the stereographs, merely holding it in the hand and looking at its complementary parts as we would look at two photographs pasted on one card, and suppose that we are getting the good of the stereograph, we are making the old mistake of treating tea leaves like spinach. The use of the stereoscope is necessary in order that we may receive at the same time the two overlapping impressions through the two eyes, and so once more get the effect of three dimensions in space,—height, width, thickness or depth.

Try an experiment with one of these Russian stereo-

graphs, for example, No. 90, "The Birth of Jesus;—Vladimir Cathedral, Kief." First, take a look at the card, as you hold it in your hand. Yes, it seems at first as if the two prints were absolutely alike. But notice the halo about the head of the Virgin Mother. In the left print there is slight separation between this halo and the marble capital to the left. In the right-hand print you notice twice the interval between the halo and the capital. This shows that the picture on the right was taken by a camera-lens set farther to the right.

It would seem as if such small variations could make little difference. But place the stereograph in the sliding-rack of the stereoscope and, adjusting its distance according to your own eyesight, look out through the lenses.

Is it not like magic,—the way in which you see now the real cathedral, with that cavernous distance in beyond the holy screen? Now you see that the painting of the birth of Jesus, instead of being the central panel in a row of three (as it at first looked to be), is away back, behind the screen; you are seeing it at a respectful, reverential distance, through an opening in the sacred portal.

The two prints, while held in hand, were excellent photographs, but, while viewed with the naked eye, they showed us only height and width, leaving us to infer the dimension of depth as best we could,—and we made poor work of it! They entirely declined to give us any adequate impression of depth. This impression the stereoscope has supplied by making for us a "composite" of the slightly varying messages received by our two eyes.

The stereoscope does this. It does still more.

When the stereograph, in its sliding-rack, is brought to the right position to suit individual eyesight and is properly seen through the obliquely set stereoscopic lenses, the impression made on the eyes by any given detail is that of the full-size object at the full, actual distance. For instance, suppose a stereograph shows a man who was actually thirty feet away from the camera at the moment of exposure. His image exists on the print only a fraction of an inch high. But, when that tiny image, seen through the stereoscopic lens at the distance of a few inches, delivers its message to the eyes, it has the effect of the very message the eyes would receive from the full-size man at the thirty-foot distance. The possibility of this correspondence of impressions made by a large object at a long distance and a small object at a short distance is something readily observed. A common letter-envelope, held up at arm's length, may easily hide from view a picture twelve times its size on the wall of the room. It may even fill the same focal angle as a whole building at a still greater distance outside the window. In the case of our stereographs, the fact is that a printed figure a fraction of an inch high, a few inches distant, fills the same space in the eye as a figure five or six feet tall at the distance of the real man from the operator's camera at the moment of taking the negative. The result of the fact is that when we look through the lenses of the stereoscope we practically *look also through the stereograph as if it were a transparent screen, and*

we see the real objects, full-size, as far distant from us as they were from the camera when the stereograph was taken.

There are some people to whom it appears at first that only miniatures of objects are shown in the stereoscope. This is due mainly to their constant remembrance of the small card a few inches from their eyes. They modify what they might see by what they think they ought to see. If such people will take note for a time of the fact that they see nothing on the surface of the photographic prints so close to their eyes, that they see everything back of these prints as actually as if they were looking through transparent screens or windows, then they may get impressions of objects or places in the stereoscope as large as they would if looking at the original scene through windows of the same size and at the same distance.

Stereographs, then, can give us (color only excepted) the very same visual impressions that we should receive in the presence of the actual things.

Moreover, a stereograph, properly seen through the stereoscope, takes us into the presence of a certain scene in a sense fairly analogous to that in which the telephone brings a friend close to us. The intermediate processes could be traced if we had space, making a most interesting study. Of course, in the telephone a friend's body is not brought to us; nevertheless we get a definite sense that he, his real self, is brought near us. Not only is he near for all purposes of communication through the ear, but we

feel that we are in his very presence. Our feelings are, our experience is, not that we are in the presence of a telephone, which gives out certain articulate sounds, but in the presence of a human soul.

Now it is in an analogous way that we may feel that we have been transported to the distant place which is represented to us in the stereoscope. Our material body is in our own chair at home, but our thinking, feeling self, our real self, is in the presence of a place in Russia. The reason why our experience is that a person *comes to us* in the telephone while *we go* to the place in the stereoscope is this—What we see, more than anything else, gives us our sense of location. When we use the telephone we see a room about us, and, consequently, we get a distinct sense of our location there. But the testimony of our ear at the telephone is that our friend is close to us; we can't disregard this any more than we can disregard the testimony of our eyes. His voice sounds as if he were near, and that is sufficient to make us *feel* as if he were near. But since, in fixing our own location, what we see is more important than what we hear, our experience is that we stay in our room, and our friend comes near to us there. When we use the stereoscope, on the other hand, the hood about our eyes shuts our room away from us, shuts out the America or England that may be about us, and shuts us in with the hill or the city or the people standing out behind the stereoscopic card. If now we know by the help of maps where on the earth's surface this hill or city or group of people is located, then

we may have a distinct sense of our own location there. The conditions are that we shall look intently, and look with some thought not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what we know (from the study of the maps) must be on our right and left or behind us.

The best evidence that we do get such an experience when we use stereoscopic views properly, is the fact that, ever afterwards, we find ourselves going back in memory over mountains or seas to the place in the distant country where the real scene is located, much more than to the room in America or England where we saw the stereoscopic scene. After all, to get such an experience by means of the stereoscope is little, if any, more extraordinary, when we think of it, than our experience in connection with the telephone.

Now, whenever we do get this sense of location by the stereoscope it means that we have gained not merely accurate visual impressions of certain places in Russia, such as we should get if we went there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we should experience there. The only difference between the feelings gotten in the one case and the other is a difference of quantity or intensity, not a difference of kind. Therefore, the experiences we may gain through the stereoscope are not to be considered as mere make-believe experiences of being in distant places in Russia,—not substitutes for real experiences there. The representations of parts of Russia which are to be before us in the stereoscope will be substitutes for the real Russia, but the feelings they may stir

in us, as well as the visual impressions they may give us, are of the very same warp and woof as those gotten by going to Russia in the body.

In this beginning of a new century we hear much about modern advances in the solution of the problem of transportation. Electric railways, automobiles,—the outlook toward possible future developments is something marvelous. But our possession which most resembles the magic travelling-carpet of Aladdin in the old story is the stereoscope.

Nobody in these days needs argument for the desirability of travel. We travel to "see things," to enlarge our personal experience of the world and its people, to gather in materials for thought and for growth in thought, and to increase our immediate and prospective resources of happiness. "Culture," says Miss Blow in her Study of Dante, "is the process by which the individual reproduces in himself the experience of the race."

The journey we are about to take, by the help of the stereoscope, through the heart of Russia, is one which can give us stores of delightful memories; at the same time it can—if we choose—be the occasion and incentive of a long course of reading and study. All we already know of Russian history,* politics, literature and social life will naturally make the sights we see more full of meaning and charm. On the other hand, every place we see in the land of the Czar, as we cross it from the Baltic to the Black Sea, will increase our healthy hunger

* A brief summary of Russian history is given on page 7 for convenient reference.

for a still fuller outlook into this world of ours and into the lives of the people, so like us, so unlike us, who share with ourselves the enjoyments and the responsibilities of being alive today.

How to Use Stereographs.

a. Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

b. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back towards window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

c. Hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

d. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps,* of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given view, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable, where there are many details

to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph *before* taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in each case) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint (shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the same V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey, and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

e. Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like, without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of Russia-in-stereographs,—its easy accessibility. Edward Everett Hale, who has a genius for common sense, said once in a chapter of advice on how to travel:—

> "Above all, see twice whatever is worth seeing. Do not forget this rule—we remember what we see

> twice. . . . At Malines—what we call Mechlin—our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens' picture of ———, at the church of ———. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, 'Fifteen minutes for refreshments!' It offered such æsthetic refreshment in the place of carnal oysters that, purely for frolic, we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it—clear and clean forgot it! . . . I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory."

We all know how great is the pleasure of recalling before the mind's eye places or things that have once filled us with wonder and admiration. Stereographs make it easily possible to call up such scenes over and over again, not only to the mind's eye, but actually to our corporeal eyes, giving us precisely the same sensations as at first, only enriched and made fuller of meaning by virtue of the thinking we have done meanwhile. We all know books that we have read over and over, seeing in them each time more than we saw before, because we have taken to them each time a richer mind to do the reading. So repeated visits to the same place often surprise us with revelations of interesting and significant things quite overlooked in a first visit. And Russia is well worth such re-visiting.

FINLAND.

All roads lead to Rome. Many roads lead to Russia. But the most interesting entrance into Russia is by way of the northwest, crossing the Baltic from Stockholm, and lingering on the way in picturesque and poetic Finland.

Many of us have, at the outset, a vague, hazy idea of Finland. We associate it with Lapland, with the ice and snow of a region near the Arctic circle, and almost forget that it has a summer and a prosperous city population. We know that our own Indian poem of *Hiawatha* was modeled by Longfellow upon the *Kalevala* or national epic of Finland, its haunting rhythm borrowed direct from the musical Finnish, and so, perhaps, the name makes us think of furs and wigwams and pipes. That has been, half unconsciously, the Finland in our minds. Now we have a chance to see this far-away northland with our own eyes.

Railroads are remarkable means of transportation; steamboats might take us to Helsingfors. But if we choose, a stereoscope may take us to Helsingfors, away at the other side of the world, on the shores of the blue Gulf of Finland. As we pointed out in "A Word Before Starting" (which should be read now if it has not been read before), it is possible for us to get by a proper use of stereographs, a distinct sense, or experience, of location in Russia. This means that we may gain not merely clear visual ideas of certain definite places, but also some of the

very same feelings we should experience if we were bodily in Russia, the only difference being in the quantity or intensity, not in the kind of feeling. The extent to which we shall approximate to what might be our full experience on the spot, will depend upon the attention we give to each scene, on the knowledge we have of the meaning and historical associations of what is before us, and on our knowledge of the location of what we see and of important places about us that we do not see.

First of all, we shall in each place wish to know where we are. This can be done, if a person has not lived in Russia, only by a constant use of the special, patented maps given in the back of this book. Let us turn first to the general map of Russia to fix our route in mind. We shall have to do, as we see by the map, only with Russia in Europe. In the upper left-hand corner of the map is Finland, a province of Russia. The red line which begins in this province at Helsingfors and extends down through Russia to Odessa on the Black Sea indicates the route, along which the places we are to see are located. After Helsingfors we are to see some places around Viborg, about two hundred miles east of Helsingfors, then eighty miles south-west we shall come to St. Petersburg and vicinity. About four hundred miles farther towards the south and east we are to reach Moscow. After Moscow we shall visit Nijni Novgorod, two hundred and seventy-five miles to the east, then Kief, the "Jerusalem of Russia," six hundred and thirty miles south-west of Moscow, and, finally, Odessa, four hundred miles south of Kief.

The small rectangles in red refer to other maps, on a larger scale, of the sections enclosed in the rectangles. Let us turn now to the special map of Helsingfors and find there the exact

place where we are to stand first. In the lower part of this map is a circle with the figure 1 in it, both in red. From this circle two red lines branch out extending toward the north and east, and the figure 1 without a circle is given at the end of each line. We shall take our position now on the little Observatory Hill from which these lines start, and look over that portion of Helsingfors which the lines enclose.

1. Helsingfors, the Capital City of Finland, from Observatory Hill.

This is Finland. This place is several thousand miles away from home. We are looking almost north here, we know, and to a European horizon. Europe is all about us. Norway and Sweden are away on our left, over our left shoulder; Poland and Germany are behind us; St. Petersburg is off to the right, that is, to the east, where the Gulf of Finland receives the waters of the Neva. This is foreign soil and those are European clouds.

What a dignified and substantial little city this is! The smoky huts of our fancy may indeed exist far out in the remote parishes of the country, but here at least every appearance is that of a prosperous, self-respecting modern town. There is the great Lutheran church of St. Nicholas, with its columned portico and its lofty dome, looming up at the left, directly before us. That dome is a landmark familiar to sailors for miles out at sea. The long, three-story building this side of the church is the Senate-house, and to the right, farther down the harbor side, is the Imperial palace.

There are altogether some two and a half million people in

this northern province which stretches away for some four hundred miles in front and to the left of us,— a sturdy, thrifty race, inclined to do things decently and in order. The soberly solid style of the public buildings speaks the character of the people.

That large church at the right, near the harbor-side, is the Russo-Greek cathedral of the Assumption. Most of the Finns are Lutherans, but, since the country became (1809) a grand-duchy of Russia, Russian influence has naturally grown stronger, and Russians themselves have become more numerous in official positions. The tendency is just now to insist on a general Russification of everything in these outlying provinces. The story is told that one Russian governor-general, thinking it might be desirable to establish here in Helsingfors the police system of his native country, conferred with the Finnish chief of police, asking how large a force of Finns could be depended upon to preserve order in the town. "Sixty thousand, Your Excellency," promptly replied the Helsingfors man. And, as the whole population is not much more than that, the implication was emphatic regarding the character of the citizens of Finland's discreet little capital.

With this distant sight of the town to give us a general impression of its dignity, let us go down to the square where the markets are held. We shall pass through this park, so trim and well-kept, down by the wharves where those vessels are lying, and beyond the railroad where that train of cars stands waiting, to the open square this side of the Senate House. We shall find there an interesting array of market boats, which have come in from the villages and farms down the harbor-side. The map will show our position again.

2. Market Boats, Helsingfors.

If we want to make acquaintance with the Finnish country people, this is our chance, for here they are, with their vegetables and fowls, their butter and cheese and eggs. The shore of Finland is all cut up into small bays and fiords, and round about Helsingfors so many of the peasants live close by the water, the town makes this special arrangement for the accommodation of their boats along one side of the market-place. Look at these granite steps leading down to where the boats are fastened, each to its stout iron ring; they are fine enough for the landing of far more elegant and imposing craft; but Finland is rich in quarries, and can afford her good, substantial water-front for the simplest every-day use. Finland granite quarries are famous all over Europe. Indeed, here in Helsingfors, some of the buildings are actually erected on foundations of the "living" rock, unmoved from its original bed.

Some of these boats have been rowed all the way to town; they look like heavy craft to row. Some, like this one at our feet, have mast and sail as well, ready to take advantage of the breeze, coming or going. It requires vigorous muscle to pull a clumsy boat like that eight or ten miles, and get into market early, for a good day's business. As likely as not, a large share of the rowing has been done by these energetic looking women. Women do a great part of such heavy work in Finland. Apples, potatoes, onions, beans,—there seems to be a good variety of "garden truck" right here in this first group of boats, and, as for prices, we should not need a long purse to keep house in Helsingfors. A Finnish mark (twenty cents) goes here almost as far as a dollar goes at home with us. What do you suppose

is in that tall jug, just behind the man in this nearest boat? Perhaps a home-brewed beer. Very likely that big, loosely woven basket in the bow of the boat may be home-made too. Finnish winters are long, long seasons; there is plenty of time to practice all such domestic handicrafts. And, indeed, the parish schools hereabouts make a special point of having children grow up able to use their hands as well as their eyes and ears.

The men and boys whom we meet here in Helsingfors wear clothes not essentially different from those of our own country, but many of the women, thanks to their vari-colored aprons and kerchiefs, are more picturesque. On Sundays these women will blossom in quaint white caps.

Every thrifty bargain-hunter here today has brought a basket, to be filled after prudent consideration. See that man standing in the third boat, offering samples of his wares for examination by the doubtful customer. Very likely she will pass on, after all, and buy from one of the other boats farther up the landing, or from one of the market carts that we see ranged in line, away over in front of the large stone building just opposite where we stand. The three-story building on our right is the Senate house, the same building, you will remember, that we saw in line with the church of St. Nicholas, when we were looking from Observatory Hill.

Now let us cross the square, ourselves, to the street running in front of those buildings, pass along this street several blocks off to the left, away from the water, up among the shops and business offices, and turning around, look back toward the water again. The map shows that we shall be looking east then, directly at right angles to our range of vision here.

3. Norra Esplanad-Gatan, the Principal Street of Helsingfors.

Hardly any trace of the market crowd can be seen at the farther end of the street, but we can see the portico of the Senate house with one of the pillars supporting it, and besides, over the roofs of those farthest houses, we can see the topmost pinnacle of the Russo-Greek cathedral, the imposing building that stood at our right from Observatory Hill.

Could you not easily believe yourself in some thriving town in America,— fortunate indeed, if the American town were equally clean and tidy? The neat, modern buildings, the street-car track, the telegraph wires, the lamp-posts, are the most familiar of sights. The bicycler in the roadway and the newsboy on the sidewalk might be our neighbors at home. The trees in the little park at our right look vigorous and neatly kept, and their shade is something to be grateful for, too, in midsummer, even though at this moment we are farther north than Sitka or the southern point of Greenland.

We might know we are next door to Russia, for here is a droschky coming towards us up the street. It is behind the load of wood,— now it is almost opposite the cart, where a shirt-sleeved teamster stands in the body of his wagon. See that stout wooden arch extending from shaft to shaft above the head and shoulders of the droschky horse, and notice how low and small the wheels are! The driver, a typical Russian, in a low-crowned hat and a long frock, perches on a high seat in front. We cannot see the turn-out as plainly as we would like, but we shall meet more of the same pattern everywhere in Russia.

The talk we overhear on the street here is usually Swedish

or Finnish, but the Russian tongue is fast coming to be used, now that the government is undertaking to Russianize the province. See how the passers-by eye us with curiosity; one, yes, two of the teamsters are turning to look at us as they drive along. But the curiosity is quite friendly. Their prejudices are quite in favor of Americans. If we had occasion to ask for information or help, we should find intelligent courtesy at our service. Elementary education is almost universal here in Finland. Most of the people are Lutherans, and their church requires all its communicants to learn to read and write. Indeed, there is a large public library here in Helsingfors for working people, besides the University library, used by some eighteen hundred students. Yes, Helsingfors is the metropolis of an exceptionally intelligent, industrious, and thrifty people. America will surely be a gainer if the present tide of immigration from Finland keeps on.

We can hardly call this a rich country, but little Finland's resources are of excellent quality, so far as they go. Finland granite brings large prices, and Finland timber finds a ready market; timber, tar, paper and paper-pulp are among the largest items of her export trade. The trees grow of themselves,— in fact we might almost say that the rock grows of itself,— for, according to geological reports, parts of the shore are still slowly but steadily rising from the sea-level.

On our way east to Imatra, we shall stop, as our general map of Russia and Finland shows, to see a typical Finnish forest.

4. A Forest in Finland.

Outside the towns there are great tracts of forest land like

this, between Helsingfors and Imatra. The trunks of wood giants rise in armies from among boulders covered with moss and lichens. Many of these forests are favorite resorts for picnic parties and for sportsmen. Archery is a favorite amusement in this region, and children as well as grown people become expert with the bow and arrow.

The old Finnish poems of the *Kalevala* are full of ancient legends and folk-tales of these woods and waters. One old song or *rune* tells how, when this land was first made, Wainemoinen sent out a sower to clothe the barren earth.

> "Seeds upon the land he scatters,
> Fir trees sows he on the mountains,
> Pine trees also on the hill-tops,
> Many shrubs in every valley;
> Birches sows he in the marshes,
> In the loose soil sows the alders,
> In the lowlands sows the lindens,
> In the moist earth sows the willow,
> Mountain ash in virgin places,
> On the banks of streams the hawthorn,
> Juniper in hilly regions."

And very soon the seeds came up; all but the oak. The oak alone declined to sprout until, urged by a magic spell, it suddenly took to growing, and grew and grew and grew until it

> "Raises it above the storm-clouds,
> Far it stretches out its branches,
> Stops the white clouds in their courses,
> With its branches hides the starlight,
> With its many leaves the moonbeams,
> And the starlight dies in heaven."

Then Wainemoinen, the hero of the old tales, dismayed by this overdoing of his work, called up out of the sea a dwarf, and this dwarf, changing into a giant, cut down the oak tree, letting sun-

light and starlight once more shine on the earth, and leaving room for the pines and firs. And, ever since, the pines and firs have had things their own way.

Moving on towards St. Petersburg, there is one more Finnish town we must take time to see,— Viborg; and one more bit of nature, the Imatra Falls.

5. The Mad Waters of the Famous Imatra Falls.

There is endless fascination in rapids like these. We could sit and watch them for hours at a time, as this party of travellers are doing, charmed into silence by the never-endingness of the waters' rush and roar. The fall of the river is between sixty and seventy feet, but the descent is by rapids extending for half a mile, instead of making one leap. All this half-mile the river keeps up its mad dance between the rocky shores, tossing its spray high over projecting boulders and ledges, and whirling round and round in dizzying eddies. No wonder that primitive, childish peoples regard a stream like this as a live thing with a vigorous personality and a will of its own.

This northland is full of poetic legends about the rivers and lakes. The old-time Finns and their neighbors over across the gulf have all sorts of picturesque stories about them, that have been handed down from the grandfathers of their grandfathers. They tell this tale of a lake very like the ones from which the Imatra waters flow. Long, long ago,—

> " savage, evil men dwelt by its borders. They neither mowed the meadows which it watered nor sowed the fields which it made fruitful; but robbed and murdered, insomuch that its clear waves grew dark with the blood of slaughtered men. Then did the lake mourn; and one evening it called together all its fishes and *rose aloft with them into the air*. When the

robbers heard the sound, they exclaimed: 'The lake hath arisen. Let us gather its fishes and treasures.' But the fishes had departed with the lake, and nothing was found on the bottom but snakes and lizards and toads. And the lake rose higher and higher and hastened through the air like a white cloud. And the hunters in the forest said: 'What bad weather is coming on.' The herdsmen said: 'What a white swan is flying above there.' *For the whole night the lake hovered among the stars* and in the morning the reapers beheld it sinking. And a voice came from the waters: 'Get thee hence with thy harvest, for I will dwell beside thee. Then they bade the lake welcome, if it would only bedew their fields and meadows; and it sank down and spread itself out in its home to the full limits. Then the lake made all the neighborhood fruitful, and the fields became green, and the people danced around it, so that the old men grew joyous as the youth."

But we are more concerned with Finland as it is than with Finland of fairy-tale times. This "land of a thousand lakes" well deserves the name, for there is not a region in the world more thickly dotted with pools and sheets of water, often connected by more or less navigable streams, dear to the trout and salmon fisher. We noticed, of course, the graceful span of that rail-road bridge over the river above the Imatra Falls. Science is fast coming in here to replace the old folk-stories, but Kipling assures us that there is romance in nineteenth-century railways and steamboats, and he is right. Not far from these Falls there is another fine bit of engineering to see on our way down to Viborg,—a long canal, or rather a series of canals nearly forty miles long, connecting Lake Saima with the Gulf of Finland. The canals were constructed for the government by a distinguished Swedish engineer, to complete the water-way from Lake Ladoga to the sea. The descent from Lake Saima to the Gulf is over two hundred and fifty feet, so the waters are held in place by a series of twenty-eight granite locks. We will take one glimpse of the canal at Lavola, near one of these locks.

6. The Picturesque Saima Canal at Lavola.

What a contrast between the mad scramble of the Imatra waters and this serene placidity! The solid granite wall of the canal looks as if it were built to last; do you wonder that Finland is proud of this way she has made from Ladoga to the ocean? It is a magnificent piece of constructive work. The winding waters of the canal are so beautiful, reflecting every foot of the tree-covered shore, that we may well wish ourselves on board the *Alli* out there in mid-stream for a sail to the next lock.

Alli is a favorite name for girls. It is quite possible that the urchin here on the ground beside us has a sister Alli, who will go, one of these days, to a government dairy school to learn the best, up-to-date ways of butter and cheese making. The dairy industries are an important part of the resources of busy, thrifty Finland. As for boys, they are boys the world over. This one lives in the same boy-world as that whose passing Eugene Field lamented:—

> "I once knew all the birds that came
> And nested in our orchard trees;
> For every flower I had a name,—
> My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees.
> I knew where thrived in yonder glen
> What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe . . . . "

Let us hope that the foot he is just now rather anxiously nursing will soon forget to ache.

But, beautiful as this peaceful stream is, we must leave it and go on now towards our Russian goal. We will look into one more market-place, this time in Viborg, and then make straight for St. Petersburg.

7. The Market-Place, Viborg.

We see here, as in Helsingfors, signs of Russia's nearness in the prevalence of the *douga,* that curious arch from shaft to shaft over the shoulders of the cart horses. This Finnish housewife just before us has bought an apron-ful of some sort of vegetables, and, with a heavy basket in her right hand, is starting homewards. If you wish to do any shopping here, you will have to provide for yourself some way of carrying off your purchases. The market people do not have paper or string for tying up parcels. That is a frank, jolly-looking fellow with the oblong basket balanced on his head. If only we could understand his gay talk with the two neighbors who stand with their backs toward us! Can it be a pile of gingerbread cakes that the woman in the light-colored waist and apron (just beyond him, to the right) is carrying so carefully? One can buy almost anything at a market like this. Whatever is not sold from the peasants' carts we can find at one of the booths which fill the circumference of that great, circular building at the farther side of the square. The occupants of those booths consider themselves several degrees higher in the business world than their neighbors who make trades at the tail of a cart.

In the ancient folk poem of the *Kalevala,* "Osmotar the bride adviser" gives Finnish women sage counsel for an occasion like this:—

> "Shouldst thou ever make a journey
> To the centre of the village,
> There to gain some information,
> While thou speakest in the hamlet
> Let thy words be full of wisdom,
> That thou shamest not thy kindred,
> Nor disgrace thy husband's household."

It would be interesting to know more about that odd, circular building, with its massive walls, its peep-hole windows, and its curious, bowl-shaped roof. It may well be that it has some bit of history belonging to it, for Viborg is an old town, and, being almost on the frontier of Finland, it was in the old days the scene of many a conflict between Russia and Sweden,—poor, little Viborg occupying the space between the two blades of the scissors! Peter the Great besieged the town in 1710, but took it only after a struggle of several weeks. Perhaps this market hall could unfold tales of war and tumult; but now it is devoted to peaceful competitions in potatoes, onions and yarn stockings. Its last days are better than its first.

ST. PETERSBURG.

We go now to the land of Peter the Great,—to the city which he built, almost by fiat, on the banks of the Neva river. The country between Viborg and St. Petersburg is a far-stretching level, largely made up of dismal marsh lands; it seems the last region imaginable in which to find a great modern city the size of Philadelphia, a city renowned all over the world as the centre of the Russian national life, a city where military schemes are shaped affecting the affairs of all the other great peoples of the world,—in short, the capital of the Czar.

A word or so should be said about the maps we are to use in connection with St. Petersburg. There is a general map of the city; a second map on a larger scale of the central section or the most important part of the city; a third map of the city and its environs, showing the city on a very small scale and some neighboring places we are to see, such as Tsarskoe Selo and Peterhof, and fourth, a plan of the Czar's palace and grounds at Peterhof. We should always read the Explanations printed in red on these maps until we understand perfectly the system by which the stereographed scenes are located.

For some time we shall use only the general map and the sectional map of St. Petersburg. Most of the places we are to see in the city will be indicated on the general map, but all the places we see in the central section of the city will be marked out more clearly on the special map of this section.

Taking the general map we can quickly get in mind the main

physical features of the city. The Neva river winds in from the east, and in three main branches empties into the Gulf of Finland on the west. The streets are very irregular, so we shall have to note our positions on the map carefully in order to get our bearings when on the ground.

We are to stand first in the Nevsky Prospect. Find the Admiralty building, almost in the center of the large map. It is marked 251 on the larger map and Admiralty on the sectional map. Running off to the right from this, a little south of east, is the Nevsky Prospect. We are to stand near the red circle enclosing the figure 8, and look toward the Admiralty; that is, nearly west. For a time it will be wise to use both maps.

Most cities have their favorite promenades, where the finer shops are found, and where in the fashionable season, society's carriages go by in elegant state. In St. Petersburg that characteristic street is the Nevsky Prospect (Perspective of the Neva).

8. Nevsky Prospect, the Principal Street of St. Petersburg.

Just now, on a midsummer noon, we find the street comparatively quiet, like any fashionable promenade in the unfashionable season. But, since we are spared the mental distraction of trying to take in all the gay details of the crowded Prospect as it appears in winter, carriages and sledges dashing by drawn by magnificent Orloff horses, officers and diplomats, court beauties, Cossack guards, perhaps even the Czar and the Czarina on their way to the Winter Palace at the farther end of the avenue,—we can now have eyes for the street itself.

As we know from our map, we are looking nearly west here, from the corner of the Imperial Library toward the Admiralty or

Navy Department. It is the slender, gilded spire of the Admiralty that we see away at the head of the Prospect. The street is an unbroken level and almost perfectly straight for three miles of its length, from the Admiralty to the Moscow railway station, and its width, as we see, is something imposing too. It is one hundred feet from building to building across the street. The car-tracks down the middle of the roadway are paved with cobble-stones; spaces to the right and left of the car-tracks are in many places paved with wood. The spaces next to us, along the low sidewalks, are left for hired carriages and carts. The low sun lays long, horizontal shadows across the sidewalks, even now at noon, making us realize that we are far up towards the north pole. We are, in fact, in about the same latitude as Dyea and the Chilcoot Pass.

The shops opposite here, on the sunny (north) side of the Prospect, are the more elegant and expensive. If we wish to be very luxurious we can have our lunch at one of the swell restaurants, ordering fish soup made of sterlet at five dollars a pound, or oysters, tiny ones, at twelve and one-half cents apiece. If we wish to do our shopping on a more modest scale, we ought to explore this long, two-story building here at our left. It extends seven hundred feet along the south side of the Prospect, and still farther on the cross street at right angles to the Prospect. It is the Gostinny Dvor or Great Bazar, a sort of perpetual fair, or collocation of retail shops,—over five hundred of them,—for almost every conceivable sort of goods. At Christmas time the space we see between the building and the sidewalk will be filled with other temporary booths, gay with Christmas trees, cakes and toys; and, again, just before Palm Sunday, the booths

reappear full of pussy-willow twigs, *verba* (the accepted substitute for palm branches) and gifts for Easter.

That tall building straight ahead with the signal tower is the City Hall. There must be a watchman somewhere on its balcony this very minute, pacing his beat and keeping a lookout for signs of fire. The watch is kept up day and night, and the location of any outbreak discovered is indicated to the fire department by means of those signals,—painted boards by day, colored lanterns by night.

That small building just this side of the City Hall is a chapel where the devout call for a minute to cross themselves before a favorite *ikon* or sacred picture. The Russo-Greek Church, unlike the Roman Catholic, does not encourage the use of crucifixes or other sculptured images to assist devotion, but the churches are full of painted pictures or *ikons,* partly covered with metal; the face and hands of the person represented are usually all of the painted image that is shown. The chapel just ahead has double attractions for our fellow-passengers on the Prospect, for in this particular chapel, all summer long, the priest in charge keeps a great bowl of water and a dipper, where thirsty mortals may help themselves, leaving in another bowl any small coin they happen to have, as an offering to the church. If we were to go in, it would be quite allowable for us to make change from the bowl, in case we had not the right coin at hand!

The people we meet now walking on the street are distinctly the ordinary working people. In St. Petersburg everybody who makes any pretensions at all to social importance rides about his affairs. Small shop-keepers and clerks on slender salaries manage some way to keep up a droschky and "appearances."

Indeed, the long distances and the cheap carriage hire make riding an easy luxury for the traveller. We can take a seat in one of the queer little two-story street-cars, running always in groups of threes, down the middle of the street alongside the tall, electric-light poles; or we can hire a carriage; better still, if we want to be as Russian as possible, we can hire a droschky, like these two that are just about passing where we stand. Russian cab and droschky drivers are eager for customers, and will take us any ordinary distance for ten or fifteen cents. The small wheels and the low-hung body make the droschky look like a toy phaeton. The horses, yes, the horses in these public droschkys do look unkempt and spiritless, but they really have plenty of spirit. There was never yet a droschky horse that could not go like the wind, if required, and at least appear to enjoy it.

Before we bargain with our *isvostschick* or droschky driver, let us turn for a moment directly about from where we have been standing and walk a few rods back, past the Imperial Library, to an open square where a monument to Catherine II stands in front of the Alexandra Theatre. According to our maps, we shall then be looking south.

9. Monument of Catherine II and Alexandra Theatre.

What have we here? Apparently a party of school-girls, around a buxom wet-nurse ("Kormilitza"), gorgeous in her diadem-shaped cap of velvet with gold embroidery,—the badge of her calling,—and the big bead necklace which she and the women of her class are always proud to own. She is evidently not at all averse to being admired. And where is her special

charge? Perhaps it is the baby carried by the little girl, back near the monument. We see one little girl here with a kerchief tied over her head who likely belongs outside of St. Petersburg, for that is a peasant fashion. The little fellow just behind the nurse has half a mind to be afraid of us.

The base of this monument is of Finland granite like that we saw used so freely in Helsingfors. Russia has a passion for monuments, and it is well that one of her grand duchies is rich in quarries. The colossal figure surmounting the monument is, of course, Catherine II, the "Semiramis of the North," the remarkable woman who was ruling over Russia during the time of Washington and Franklin,—an imperious beauty, a blue-stocking and a long-headed politician, all in one. The figures placed about the pedestal are those of distinguished Russians of Catherine's time. Among them, along with generals and statesmen, is Derzhavin; one at least of his poems is well known in its English translation:—

> "O, Thou Eternal One, whose Presence bright
> All space doth occupy, all motion guide."

Another of the figures is that of the Princess Dashkoff, the first president of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts, and herself an author.

This little square looks peaceful enough today, full of children and posy-beds, but it has seen ghastly sights in its time. In the middle of the eighteenth century, while Elizabeth (the daughter of Peter the Great, and the aunt of Catherine's husband) was Empress, one of the most beautiful and nobly born of the ladies of the court indulged in too free comments on Her Majesty's love affairs. She was brought here and whipped

in the presence of a great crowd of people, then banished from the country. They had rough ways of discouraging scandal-mongers in those old days.

The Alexandra Theatre, over at the farther side of the square, holds the past and the present together. Usually its stage is devoted to contemporary Russian or German comedy, but now and then it revives some of the very dramas that Catherine herself wrote, in the old times when she was the greatest woman in Europe. In Russia today the government helps support the theatres, interesting itself in the quality of the representations to the extent of appropriating funds for schools where actors and dancers are systematically taught their business.

And now, without keeping our droschky longer waiting, suppose we give ourselves into the care of the *isvostschick*, and let him take us down to the Winter Palace. No,—there is still one more sight we must first see in this neighborhood; that is, the bronze statues decorating the bridge, over which the Nevsky Prospect crosses the Fontanka Canal. St. Petersburg has several fine canals, forming convenient transportation ways across the city and adding a great deal to its beauty. Peter the Great took a great fancy to such water-ways during his visit to Holland, and imported the idea. This particular canal was constructed to carry water to the fountains in Peter's summer garden,—hence its name. Our next position can be seen on the maps, slightly to the right of Alexander Square.

10. Allegorical Statue, Man Conquering the Brute; Fontanka Bridge.

This bridge (it is sometimes called the Anitchkoff Bridge,

from an old palace near by) is now almost in the middle of the city, but one hundred years ago it was in the very outskirts of the capital. In the time of Alexander I it was made a rule that no incomer should be allowed to pass over, without leaving his name on record with the bridge keeper. The story is told that, at one time, respect for the rule had waned to such a point that passers-by made up jocose names for registry, merely to tease the recording clerk. This would never do. Respect for the law must be maintained. The officer in charge was instructed to detain in custody any person whose registration was suspected as not genuine. The first victim of the new regulations chanced to be an imperial comptroller called by a queer mixture of Russian and German, "Baltazàr Baltazàrovitch Kampenhausen"; the gate-keeper was sure this was a joke, and made the high dignitary wait, fuming with indignation, while his right to the processional name was being investigated.

There are four of these magnificent bronzes ornamenting the stone bridge, all differing in the poses of the man and the horse; and St. Petersburg is proud of them as the work of a Russian sculptor, Baron Klodt. See how finely the spirited vigor of animal nature and the calm, over-mastering strength of human nature are brought out! The angry beast might almost be Mazeppa's steed in the old story.

"Bring forth the horse! The horse was brought.
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
That looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled,—
'Twas but a day he had been caught.

And, snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led."

And, when we come to think of it, it is natural that Byron's description should fit this wild horse figured by a Russian sculptor, for the Mazeppa of the old story was a Cossack chief in the days of Peter the Great.

But here in St. Petersburg we are constantly reminded that a vast deal of nature is yet untamed. The very waters that flow under this bridge are a menace to the city, for the whole town is built on a low marsh, and inundations have more than once brought disaster. North-west gales blowing up the Gulf of Finland have more than once sent calamitous high tides rolling back into the city. There is a spot close by here, on the wall of the Anitchkoff Palace, where a mark is set, showing the point to which the waters rose in 1824,—almost fourteen feet above their normal level.

Now we will turn once more down the Nevsky Prospect, pass again by the square opening into the Prospect, where Catherine's statue stands before the Alexandra Theatre, drive down the broad avenue, alongside the great Bazaar and by the Town Hall with its signal tower, past rows of shops gorgeous with pictorial signs and with lettering in the quaint Russian alphabet,—until we come to the *Bolschaya Morskaya,* a street which crosses the Nevsky Prospect near its head, and which leads over to the Winter Palace of the Czar. On the maps we follow back along the Nevsky Prospect toward the left, past our two former positions, until we come to the Bolschaya Morskaya.

We shall take our stand now on this street where it crosses the Nevsky Prospect and look north.

11. Bolschaya Morskaya.

Here, as it happens at this particular time, we must halt our droschky, for the street has been cleared in readiness for the passage of the Czar and his guest (August, 1897) the German Emperor. The Czar often goes driving in the most simple, unostentatious fashion, without guard and without ceremony; but, when he does choose to appear in state, he receives the most punctilious public respect. The Russian colors that we see flying everywhere are red, white and blue, but usually arranged in parallel stripes, the blue in the middle, as we see in the banners that float from the buildings here and from the tall electric-light poles along the middle of the street. The German colors, black, white and red, are flying too, in compliment to Kaiser Wilhelm.

The better sort of streets in St. Petersburg are perpetually being swept by men like the one we see here with his long broom and his dust basket.

Aren't these sign-boards fascinating things? Bewildering too, for the characters of the Russian alphabet are just sufficiently suggestive of English, so that it seems as if we must be able to make them out. At the same time they are just sufficiently flavored with queer, unfamiliar marks to baffle us entirely. Meanwhile, not being preoccupied by any notion of what sounds the characters represent, we have all the better a chance to appreciate their really remarkable beauty as decorative shapes and patterns. Printed in gold on backgrounds of

rich red, green and blue, or in color on a gold background, they are a delight to the eye every time we see them. Tradition says that the Christian missionaries St. Cyril and St. Methodius, in the ninth century, invented this alphabet, or, rather, adapted it from the Greek. Peter the Great revised it in his own day. It is difficult to find anything in Russia which is not connected in some way with Peter the Great.

After royalty has gone by, this crowd along the sidewalks will disperse. Then we can move on, through that rather low, heavy archway just ahead, into the great Palace Square. After crossing the square we shall look back toward this archway, that is, toward the south-east. The sectional map will give our position more clearly.

12. Monument to Alexander I, Arch of Triumph and the Staab Building.

And here we are in the Palace Square. We have entered from the Bolschaya Morskaya through that archway, and have turned directly around, facing the point at which we entered the great open square. This is practically a huge parade-ground; twenty thousand soldiers have been massed here on great occasions. The Staab or General Staff Building, that we see forming an enormous semi-circle enclosing the south-east side of the square, includes the headquarters of various important governmental departments, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Finance, the Department of Customs and others. It would be interesting to know the projects that are taking shape nowadays in the office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs!

The Russian nation is the greatest landholder in the world.

and it likes to do things generally on a large scale. Just look at this monument to the first Alexander, and try to believe that the shaft,—itself eighty-four feet high,—is one single block of granite! But it is quite true. It is the largest single stone that has ever been quarried since the time of the Egyptian obelisks. It weighs four hundred tons and came from Finland. Reckoning the pedestal (that is a single block about twenty-five feet each way) and the crowning figure of a cross-bearing angel, the whole height of the monument amounts to nearly one hundred and fifty-five feet. The ground all about here where we stand is "made land"; it was originally only an oozy marsh; and, in order to make a sufficiently solid foundation for the column, six lengths of piles were driven, one above another, into the treacherous earth.

Russia never will forget how Alexander defeated Napoleon in his attempt to invade the land; how the French advanced confidently to Moscow looking for easy victory; and how Alexander and the northern winter together drove them back, wounded, starving, freezing, dying by thousands along the dreadful way towards home. After that, what Russian would not adore Alexander? France and Russia today are friends and allies, but the Czar's people still feel the old thrill of triumph over such a rout of the country's invaders. And, besides, Alexander was an admirable ruler in days of peace. He had a good sense of justice and honor. He was a man of character. We remember the story they tell of his discussing with some adviser a measure he proposed to take for the permanent securing of a certain good to the public. He was told that the action proposed was not necessary, that the welfare of the people was

secure enough with a just man like himself on the throne. "Yes," said Alexander, "but, after all, that is only a fortunate accident."

If now we should turn exactly right-about-face, we should find ourselves viewing the front of the Winter Palace, which occupies the opposite (north-west) side of this same great, open square. But, in order to get a completer idea of the building, we will change our standpoint to a spot near the western end of the square, just where the Nevsky Prospect begins, and where we can see a part of two sides of the Imperial residence. The map shows that we shall then be looking about north.

13. The Imperial Winter Palace from the Nevsky Prospect.

Here is the famous palace where so many displays of court splendor have taken place. This palace was behind us while we stood looking at the Alexander Monument and the Staab Building. You know our former position was in the square on our right only a short distance beyond the limit of our vision in that direction. To the left of the palace we see the Great Neva—our first sight of it. The buildings beyond the river are on one of the islands.

As for the palace itself we can readily believe it is one of the largest residence structures in all Europe. This western end, opposite the linden-bordered avenue, we are told is three hundred and fifty feet long, and the main front, facing the square, nearly half as long again. The tree-lined avenue leads down to the Palace Bridge, by which we could cross over to one of the large islands in the Neva. And, by the way, we must be sure to see by-and-by those twin columns that loom up above

the trees, beyond the farther end of the street. They are over on one of the islands, and are counted among the curiosities of St. Petersburg.

Catherine II, the Catherine whose statue we saw near the Alexandra Theatre, built this palace in the eighteenth century. Imagine her as the historians describe her, a brilliant, stately beauty, riding on horseback from the palace door, an oak wreath on her head and a sword in her hand, to greet her army as its sovereign head! This palace includes a church of its own, a special place of worship for the royal family, and the reception rooms, *boudoirs* and chambers of state are almost innumerable. In old times this was the actual as well as the theoretical home of the imperial family, and this involved the housing of an enormous number of courtiers, retainers and servants. It is declared that five or six thousand people at a time have lived in the huge pile—really a city in itself. The building as we see it now is not precisely as it was in Catherine's day. A great fire in 1837 burned out much of the interior, and the restorations involved a good many changes. There is a doubtful tradition that, before the fire, watchmen who were stationed on the roof built cabins up there among the chimneys and set up housekeeping on that lofty plane with their wives and children.

But this was above the roof. Under the roof each generation, according to its own standard and fashion, has made the most lavish display of formal elegance. The court balls given here in the winter are said to be the most brilliant in all Europe, in point of decorations, costumes and jewels. In the times of Catherine II, while George and Martha Washington were living like simple gentlefolks at Mount Vernon, the frequenters of

the palace here were as splendid as wealth could make them. According to the chronicles of the time, people of fashion must have been gorgeous to behold; a historian of the times says, "Their buttons, their buckles, the scabbards of their swords, their epaulets, consisted of diamonds; and many persons even wore a triple cord of precious stones round the borders of their hats."

It is in a room here (in the Imperial Treasury), that the Russian crown jewels are kept,—stones whose value is really almost beyond count, like the possessions of a king in a fairy story. The Orloff Diamond, for one, is the largest of all the crown diamonds in Europe. They say it was once the eye of an idol in an Indian temple. Stolen by a French soldier, it passed through the hands of a Jew and an Armenian, then was purchased by Count Orloff and presented to Catherine II. It is set in the imperial sceptre.

But the Winter Palace stands for tragedy too, as well as for court splendor. It was to this very building that the good and great Alexander II, the Czar Liberator, in 1881 was brought home to die. He had freed forty-seven millions of his countrymen from serfdom, established schools, built railroads, reformed the legislation; he was—so tradition says—on the very eve of establishing a species of parliamentary representation for the people. But the insanity of Nihilism fixed on him for a victim, and he was murdered in a street just beyond here, over near the Summer Garden. Russia has not yet quite recovered from the horror of that day.

Catherine the Great, the builder of the Winter Palace, was

a student as well as a stateswoman, and she set apart a certain attached pavilion for her own particular, private den, fancifully calling it her "hermitage." The books, pictures and curios that she collected gradually made up a good-sized museum, and her successors added to them more and more, until another building had to be erected to hold them. Still the collection grew, and, some fifty years ago, the museum building was remodeled. It stands, as the map shows, by the other (north-east) end of this Winter Palace. Let us turn to the right, pass by the long façade of the Palace, and look at the famous peristyle or columned porch of the museum.

14. The Peristyle of the Hermitage.

How superbly impressive these granite giants are, upholding the roof of the nation's art treasury! Each one stands twenty-two feet high, and looks even taller, thanks to the sculptor's art which brought out so strongly the virile uprightness of their strongly modeled figures.

We could spend days and weeks wandering through the nearly endless rooms of this famous museum, for Russian wealth and Russian enthusiasm together have made it the storehouse of many of the finest existing masterpieces of art. The galleries are beautifully arranged.

15. Gallery of Modern Sculpture in the Hermitage.

Room after room like this we might pass through, full of the creations of celebrated sculptors from the times of Phidias through the days of Michaelangelo down to the present time. Gallery after gallery we might visit, lined with famous pictures, many of them priceless originals by the old masters,— pictures

that we know at home only through photographs or humble, black-and-white prints. The Spanish, Italian, Flemish and Dutch schools are particularly well represented here. But, if once we undertook to really see all that is worth seeing here in the Hermitage, we should never go away. We may as well make up our minds to the inevitable limitations of time. We must resolutely turn our backs on the rooms full of coins, of gems, of ancient and modern vases and rare pottery, of Oriental antiquities and curios, and go out once more into the open air, to study things more strictly Russian, about the streets and squares of the city.

The Neva river flows behind the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, as we have seen, and it is near the river that we shall find the favorite city parks. As we leave the Hermitage, we will take a short street running north-east, parallel with the river, until we come to the little park at its farther end, known as the Summer Garden.

16. Imperial Summer Garden, St. Petersburg.

Peter the Great built a house fronting on this open garden, and the Empress Anne erected in 1731 a still finer mansion known now as the Summer Palace. It is a smart little park, neatly kept, like all the public places in St. Petersburg, and offering us a grateful bit of green shade during the short Russian summer. In winter, the winds sweeping across here from the Neva are so deadly cold that the more delicate trees have to be wrapped in straw and boxed up to keep them from freezing. These statues are even swathed and protected in the same tender fashion, and not left to display their bare limbs, with shivering suggestive-

ness of rheumatism, to the icy blasts. Indeed, setting aside all sympathetic sentiment for the delicate nymphs and goddesses, it is a stroke of thrifty prudence to give them winter clothes, for St. Petersburg frosts can do dreadful havoc with stone-work. That magnificent Alexander Column which we just saw (Stereograph 12), over in the Palace Square, has already had some ominous fissures made in it by the winter frosts; but, alas, the Alexander Column has to suffer the penalty of its greatness. It is too large to be covered up in the winter, and it must take its chances.

The people we meet here in the Summer Garden under the linden trees are of the well-to-do merchant classes. We always find nurses and children here as they are now, the little folks amusing themselves very much as our own babies do at home. There is a curious, underlying similarity in children's games the world over. Young people resort here too for love-making promenades. In old times the wooing was of a frankly business-like sort. On Whit Monday, a favorite festival among the many in the Russian church calendar, young girls of marriageable age used to be brought here by their mothers, dressed in their best clothes, the approximate amount of their dowries indicated by the richness of their jewelry, and deliberately ranged in line, for inspection by the young men. Critical youths walked up and down the line, and made their choice of sweethearts; this choice, if agreed to by the girl and her watchful mother, was confirmed by a formal betrothal and then consummated later by the wedding ceremony in church. Such bare-faced bargaining would shock the prosperous mammas of St. Petersburg to-day; but they do say that on Whit Monday, even now, a sur-

prising number of pretty girls always happen to be decorously walking here just when the eligible young men are out for their holiday stroll!

As we go about the streets of St. Petersburg, especially as we frequent this part of the city near the Neva, we are continually impressed by the marvelous success with which a great metropolis has been created out of a well-nigh hopeless northland bog. The city is named for St. Peter, but it might well be counted the namesake of the old Czar who called it into existence less than two hundred years ago. If we want to realize what one man of genius can do to wake up a nation and set it on its feet, let us retrace our road, returning to the Winter Palace, and passing still farther west, by the great Admiralty building, to the north-west side of another great open square. There Peter the Great, in bronze, reins in his prancing horse and looks out over the Neva. Our position can be easily found on the map, to the west of the Admiralty.

17. Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great.

Considered just as a colossal monument, this is a fine piece of work. The pedestal is a single block of Finland granite weighing fifteen hundred tons; tradition says it is the very rock on which Peter once stood to watch and direct a battle with the Swedes. The bronze figure is seventeen and a half feet high, and contains some sixteen tons' weight of metal. The French sculptor Falconet, who cast the statue, secured the balance of the rearing horse by making him trample under foot a huge snake, emblematic of Difficulty and Danger. (We could see the serpent better from the other side of the pedestal, but this is the best point

of view for the stern horseman.) An immense weight was concentrated in the serpent's body and in the horse's hind legs, and the junction of the flowing tail with one of the snaky coils (it *looks* accidental) keeps the whole enormous mass solid and secure. The Latin inscription says, with dignified brevity, "To Peter I, by Catherine II, 1782." It seems a pity that the imperial donor's name should be rather more conspicuous than that of the hero himself, but Catherine, like other great people, had her little weaknesses.

There is a fascination about this grim, commanding figure. It is like what Peter the Great ought to be,—the man who only about two hundred years ago (1696) took in hand a nation hardly more than half civilized, hardly recognized among the European Powers, and put it in the way of being what it is now, one of the mightiest forces with which the civilized world has to reckon.

Russia owned vast inland territories, but no seaport. Peter took Turkish lands on the Black Sea, Persian lands on the Caspian, Swedish lands on the Gulf of Finland. Russia had no ships, no sailors, no knowledge of sea-craft. Peter went in person to Holland and set to work as a ship-carpenter's apprentice, learned the trade, such as it was two hundred years ago, from start to finish, filling up his spare time by studying rope-making, blacksmithing and a few other crafts, handy for a new nation to know. When he came back to Russia, it was to inaugurate one practical enterprise after another. He wanted, he said, "a window to look out into Europe." A city must be built on the Neva, for the national capital. The site was a desolate bog, away up towards the Arctic circle; there was no building stone,

there was hardly a peasant inhabitant. But everything is possible to a Peter the Great. Peasants and workmen were sent, willy-nilly, forty thousand at a time, from other parts of the empire, to live here and begin operations. Ships were constructed according to the newly learned system, land-lubbers were forced to swallow their prejudices and fears and to learn navigation. Shipmasters and teamsters were required to bring from distant quarries the vast quantities of stone needed at the new port to build quays and to lay solid foundations for prospective buildings. Every ship of a certain size had to bring thirty stones at each visit; smaller boats were required to bring ten; every peasant cart must bring at least three, whatever its other load. Peter himself lived in a cottage over on the north shore of the Neva and kept things moving. He made a vigorous foreman, when he was not a general leading the Russian army against his (naturally) numerous enemies, or an educator founding schools and libraries, or a prince exacting more or less elegant deference from his court. And a court he had, too; he simply issued orders that certain of the nobility should at once build residences in the new city, and palace after palace was obediently constructed, followed by the shops of merchants likewise summoned to help populate the new capital. It was a unique sort of "boom" in real estate!

What does the great Czar think of his work now? "Holy Russia," his beloved Russia, is what he meant she should grow to be, one of the Great Powers. Look closely at those blouse-clad boys loitering around the statue! They are rapidly being made into soldiers, hardy, persistent, obedient to the *Casabianca* point, every mother's son of them. The nation's arm is vastly longer

than it used to be. It has greater strength as well as wider range. And bronze Peter, on his rearing horse, gazes across the river as if there were still a good deal on his mind!

An interesting trait of our Russian cousins is the serious way in which they take their developing national history. They are a devoutly religious people, after their own fashion. Every house, even every shop, has its *ikon* or sacred picture, usually of Christ or the Virgin Mary, and to this picture—or to the personality it stands for—the greatest reverence is shown. There are dissenters from the popular faith among the people at large, but the orthodox Russian believes heartily in a Lord of heaven and earth, and, moreover, he believes as heartily that the Russians are the Lord's chosen people, specially beloved and protected by Him, and destined to inherit the earth here as well as heaven by-and-by. The Czar is, by virtue of his office, the anointed head of the Russian Church; the ceremony of his coronation includes a solemn, religious consecration, reckoned as a sort of sacrament. In Russia, Church and State are actually united in the person of the Czar.

The largest and most impressive of all places of worship in St. Petersburg is here beside us, opposite Peter's statue. If we turn to the right, from where we have been standing, we find ourselves facing one of the beautiful, great porticoes of St. Isaac's. The sectional map shows that we shall be on the north side of St. Isaac's, looking somewhat east of south.

18. St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg.

This park extends for some distance all around us; the open square into which it merges stretches off behind us to the river-

side where Peter bestrides his horse and tramples the snake Difficulty under foot.

St. Isaac's is dedicated to a Dalmatian saint of the Greek Church, not to the Hebrew patriarch with whom we are more familiar. But, in our tourist eyes, it is a monument to the almost incredible persistency and the almost unlimited resources of Russian enterprise. One hundred years ago the ground on which we stand was a waste of boggy marsh. Fully a million dollars were spent in sinking a thick forest of piles to prepare for its stone foundations. The church itself was only forty years in building; it is from first to last the work of one architect, —Montferrand of France (the same man who designed the Alexander monument), and, having been completed less than fifty years ago, it has no ancient historic associations. Indeed. the exterior has nothing characteristically Russian about it ex cept the beautifully picturesque Russian lettering of the inscriptions over the vast entrance porches. The legend over this entrance front, directly facing us, signifies: "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord."

There are four great porches like this, one on each side; for the ground-plan of the building is a Greek cross; and entrance is given on three of the four sides alike. The eastern portico alone has no entrance doors, for here, as in all Russian churches, the altar and the *ikonostasis* or sacred screen occupy the eastern end.

As we look up at the building, we are more and more awed by the magnificence of its proportions. It is nearly four hundred feet in width. These steps are enormous single blocks of red-gray granite from Finland, fit for a giant's palace. Compare

the height of a man with that of the pillars, and see how enormous they are. They seem to grow taller as we study them. At first sight they were beautiful in their simple elegance, but when we realize the scale on which they are formed and placed, they become something marvelous. Each column is a single mass of rosy-reddish granite, sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter, polished like a jewel. There are only two larger single stones in the world; one is Pompey's Pillar in Egypt, and the other is the Column of Alexander, which we admired in the square opposite the Winter Palace (Stereograph 12). The Corinthian capitals of these porch pillars are of greenish bronze, making a fine contrast of color with the granite columns and with the marble of the walls. The triangular pediment or gable supported by these columns and filled with bronze bas-reliefs might in itself complete a lofty building, but it is, in fact, only the roof of an entrance porch. The marble walls of the cathedral proper rise higher and higher behind it. Above the horizontal line of the roof, with its cupola bell-towers, a circle of granite columns rises, surrounding the lofty drum of the dome. Just now there is a temporary scaffolding over the drum; some repairs or renovations must be in process. Higher and higher our eyes follow. Indistinct angel figures in bronze stand guard at regular intervals on the balcony above the higher circle of columns. Then above the angels' heads rises the dome like a gigantic bishop's cap of glittering gold, and, above all, the golden lantern, its summit three hundred and thirty-six feet from the ground. It takes one's breath away.

These bronze bas-reliefs in the pediment are worth detailed study as spirited bits of sculpture, though they contradict every

traditional custom of church architecture in the Greek communion. The Eastern church, as a rule, frowns on sculptured representations of sacred subjects. The sculptures of this pediment before us represent the Resurrection. The statue over the peak of the pediment is St. John; at the eaves, Peter and Paul. The figures surmounting the main building at its outer corners are colossal angels kneeling before candelabra twenty-two feet high.

It was in 1825, while St. Isaac's was building, that the Czar Nicholas I had a dramatic encounter with three revolting regiments right on this square where we now stand. It was a strange complication of things that led to the situation. Alexander I, son of Paul, and grandson of Catherine the Great, had just died, leaving no children, but, instead, three younger brothers, Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, Constantine being the eldest of these survivors. He was a somewhat eccentric character, and had for years spent most of his time at Warsaw, where he was Governor General of Poland, and had married a Polish wife. Nicholas, the second brother, being in St. Petersburg at the time of Alexander's death, proceeded naturally to proclaim the accession of Constantine as heir to the throne, and sent word to the new Czar at Warsaw to come home and be crowned. But, to the amazement of Nicholas, the elder brother declined the invitation with thanks, presenting, in turn, certain documents dating back to the time of his Polish marriage, by which it appeared that he had several years previously renounced any and all claims to the throne. This put a new face on the matter and made Nicholas himself the new Czar. The high officials of Church and State willingly took the oath of alle-

giance to him, but when it came to having the soldiers swear allegiance, there was great confusion. In the first place, the soldiers, not understanding Constantine's position, had an idea that Nicholas was a usurper; and, in the second place, the leaders of a revolutionary political party, who wished to overthrow the Romanoff dynasty and establish a constitutional monarchy, excited the troops to revolt and raised a rallying cry of *Constitutsia,* a cry which the illiterate soldiers confused with the name of Constantine, and that made matters all the worse. Three entire regiments massed themselves here in this square behind the statue of Peter the Great, in open revolt. Nicholas learned of the movement, and with his staff rode over here from the Winter Palace to meet the rebels. As the Czar drew near, an officer in one of the disaffected regiments advanced, his right hand thrust significantly into the breast of his uniform. The Czar steadily rode on till they were within a sword's length of each other. "What do you bring me?" asked Nicholas. The officer looked him in the eye; turned his horse; rode back to the ranks. He said afterwards: "The Czar looked at me with so terrible a glance that I *could* not kill him."

The insurgents were ordered to disperse, and at first refused, but a battery of artillery was brought up, and repeated volleys of cannon-shot brought them to submission and put an end to the incipient revolution.

Those who have the patience (and the muscle) to climb to the roof of St. Isaac's are rewarded by wide views in all directions over the city and its surroundings; for St. Petersburg is practically level and lies spread out like a map. We shall now

take our position on the roof of the Cathedral, and look out over the city in a direction slightly east of north. As we are now facing toward the south-east, it is evident that we shall then be looking directly toward what is now on our left. The two diverging red lines which indicate this new position on the maps show that we are to see part of the Admiralty building and also look over two former positions (Stereographs Nos. 12 and 13), thus seeing again the Winter Palace and the Alexander column in the Palace Square.

19. St. Petersburg from the Dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral.

Just at our feet is the War Office, with the arms of Russia emblazoned on its gabled roof,—a two-headed eagle, crowned, and grasping in its claws emblems of Russian Church and State. It is, of course, a symbol familiar to all good Russians. They tell a story of a young Grand Duke some years ago, who one day shot an uncommonly large bird while out hunting. One of the men-in-waiting picked up the prize, and, full of respectful enthusiasm, brought it to the sportsman. "Your Highness has killed an eagle," he announced. The Grand Duke was a nice boy, but he was better versed in horsemanship and fencing than in ornithology. He gave the trophy a hasty glance. "That's no eagle," he declared, scornfully, "it has only one head!"

The two-headed bird of Russia is an enormously significant emblem in these days. Germany, Austria, France, England, China, Japan, America,—all the world is interested to know the orders that go out from this building at our feet, the Russian War Office, with its absolutely impassive countenance of stone and its blankly non-committal, expressionless eyes of windows.

But all our gazing at the outside of the building will not summon its state secrets to view. We certainly shall not learn here "the lay of the land" in matters of state policy. It will be enough if we learn the literal lay-of-the-land, and get our local bearings clearly fixed in mind.

We are looking north-north-east, we must remember, over a part of the ground we have so lately traversed. That long (comparatively) low building with the cupola and the tall, slender spire, that we see at the left over the roof of the War Office, is the Admiralty, the seat of the Navy Department. The Nevsky Prospect begins, we know, nearly opposite the middle of this Admiralty Building, and runs off to the right between those chimney-crowned, tin-covered house tops that seem from this point of view so solidly massed together. Yes, we remember looking down the Nevsky Prospect from the corner of the Imperial Library, a half a mile or so beyond the limit of our vision on the right, and seeing this same slender, golden spire in the distance at the head of the avenue (Stereograph 8). Then it was near where the Prospect begins, there in the Admiralty Square, that we stood to admire the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13). That is the Winter Palace now, beyond the Admiralty, with its front nearly in line with the Admiralty front, and a little observation will show that we were then looking at the same side of the Palace that we now see all bathed in sunlight. The Hermitage Museum (Stereograph 14) must be just beyond the Palace. A little farther to the right we can see very clearly a part of the sun-lighted *façade* of the semi-circular mass of the General Staff Building (Stereograph 12), and, between us and the Staff Building, that noble shaft of the Alexander Monument

holds the cross-bearing angel up against the sky. It was into that open square there between the Winter Palace and the Staff Building that we emerged when we had gone through the arched passage at the end of the *Bolschaya Morskaya* (Stereograph 11).

The Admiralty and the Winter Palace are both directly on the bank of the Neva, of which we can catch a glimpse again over the lower roofs between the Winter Palace and the cupola of the Admiralty. The buildings that we see to the extreme left beyond the Admiralty and the Palace are on the islands that make up a great part of the city area, to the north; for instance, the spire that we see just at the right of the Admiralty spire is about a mile away, on the fortress cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul—the cathedral where Peter the Great lies buried. That fortress can be located better on the general map. We will go over there later. That spire is one of the tallest in Russia, three hundred and forty feet high. It is from the Admiralty spire here, on this nearer bank of the river, that signals are hung in times of high water, to warn the city of coming inundations. Over all the rest we look to the limits of the city on the north.

Suppose we go part way around the roof toward the left, and look off in a direction slightly west of north, but still from the same height.

20. Admiralty Building, University and Vasilii Ostrof.

Now we are looking almost directly north across the Neva to Vasilii Ostrof or Basil Island (Vassilievskaia). The park at our feet is the one from which we first viewed the cathedral on which we are standing (Stereograph 18). Indeed, you can see

the very same flower bed that was nearest us then, down our left here, between the third and fourth walk. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great (Stereograph 17) stands on the river bank at the edge of the park, but beyond the limit of our vision here. That nearest large building with the rows of granite columns and the gabled projection in the roof is the Admiralty again,—its western end. We remember we saw a section of this same end of the Admiralty when we were down on the ground looking up at Peter's commanding figure (Stereograph 17). It is the most natural thing in the world that Peter's effigy and the official home of the Navy Department should stand side by side, considering how dear to his heart was the enterprise of establishing a navy. It was Alexander I who erected the present building. In Peter's own day that site was occupied by common ship-yards, where he instructed his men in the art of boat building, and from which he sent them out to practice navigation on the river. The chroniclers say that some of the amateur skippers had a sorry time of it during their first lessons in seamanship. One unhappy noble, too much honored by the royal command to take charge of a vessel, put off from here and spent three miserable, hungry days tacking between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt, twenty miles down the Gulf, trying in vain to make a landing during rough weather.

From this high vantage point we are able to catch sight of two of the three branches into which the Neva divides, as it flows out through the city to the gulf of Finland on the west. The river nearest us, just beyond this park, is the main branch or channel of the Neva, and is known as the Bolchaia or Great Neva. The water dimly seen over the trees on the island of

Vasilii Ostrof is the Malaia or Little Neva. It is best to locate the field of view before us here on the general map of St. Petersburg also. We find the limits of our vision marked there by the two red lines which branch off in a north-westerly direction from St. Isaac's. These two lines have the number 20 at their extremities on the map margin. Now we can understand exactly what part of the Great Neva and of the Little Neva we have been looking at, and we can also see that the third branch of the Neva, known as the Nevka, which in turn divides into the Great and Little Nevka, leaves the Neva a mile beyond our vision limit on the right. It is clear now too that we see from our present position on St. Isaac's parts of the two islands formed by the Neva's three branches, the nearer Vasilii Ostrof, and beyond the Peterbourgsky Ostrof, or Peter's Island. In spite of the haze we are looking practically to the limits of the city toward the north-west. Beyond Peter's Island there are four smaller islands, formed by branches of the Nevka. These are more or less closely occupied, chiefly forming park-like suburbs, the favorite pleasure resorts of the towns-people.

In winter time this part of the Great Neva becomes a favorite place for fun and social gayety. The snow is cleared away, leaving wide roadways of ice for sleighs and sledges. Chairs mounted on broad runners are pushed about by men on skates. There are often exciting races over the frozen course, down where we see that little steamer, between us and Vasilii Island. That island is the commercial centre of the city, just as the region where we are now (the neighborhood of the War and Navy Departments, the Palace and the Staff Offices) is its political and social centre. Let us see . . . Yes, we can make out from

here one of the most notable landmarks of the island, something we have seen before in the distance and shall later see more closely. Away out to the right, above the Admiralty buildings, do you see the conspicuously dark side of another pile of buildings, and, beyond that, a tall column standing up against the horizon line? That is one of the pillars near the Bourse or Exchange, located on the end of the island; we saw both of the columns from the corner of the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13).

Over there on the island are also the Academy of Sciences and the National University, whose fine stone buildings are in sight just over the left-hand corner of the Admiralty, beyond that tall flag-staff. Some of the university graduates and members of the faculty have a wide reputation in their various subjects.

It was among the students of this university, as well as among the students in the universities of Kief and Moscow, that the disturbances started of which we have heard so much lately (1901). Rumors of plots to kill the Czar were numerous. In connection with these disturbances the Minister of Public Instruction was killed.

Now if we go around to another point on St. Isaac's roof, where we can look off toward the west, we shall get a further idea of the extent of the city.

21. Riding School of the Life Guards, Synod, Academy and Vasilii Ostrof.

The Czar's Chevalier Guards, a magnificently drilled part of the Russian army, have their Riding School in this temple-like

building at our feet,—impressive building, that. It is all the more impressive in contrast with that tiny box of a house close beside its nearest corner,—a mere shed or toy house it looks from here. That is one of the little houses to be seen here and there in St. Petersburg, where vendors of fruit, sweets, etc., retail to passers-by.

The plain, three-story building at the other side of the park is the Synod, the official headquarters of the ecclesiastical authorities of St. Petersburg. The street-car track that turns around the corner runs a few blocks alongside the narrow, tree-filled park and then, turning to the right, crosses the river (which runs between us and that huge, white building over yonder), by the Nicholas Bridge, and leads over to a point on Vasilii Ostrof, near where you see that same great building, the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts. In that art school many of the best-known Russian painters and sculptors have studied. Here in Russia, as everywhere else, art students are often desperately poor, and have hard struggles to maintain themselves while they are earning their fame. The greatest sculptor the country has yet known, Marc Antocolski, was thirty years ago working over there in the Academy, and trying to keep soul and body together on ten roubles (five dollars) a month. The dome of the Academy building is surmounted by a colossal statue of Minerva, the patron of the arts and goddess of wisdom; but, unfortunately, under the dome there must have been a great lack of wisdom, for the professors frowned on Antocolski's original spirit and methods, and would hardly look at him or at what he did. But, with the inspired egotism of the born artist, he kept on in his own way, and at last, one fine day the President of the Academy did look

at his wonderful statue of Ivan the Terrible, and was mightily impressed by it. The President brought an appreciative Grand Duchess to see it. The Grand Duchess brought the Czar. And from that time forth the genius who conceived the Ivan statue had no longer to live in a starving body. They made him a member of the Imperial Academy, gave him a government pension, and sent him to Rome to study and work according as it pleased him.

The Russians are not, as a rule, generally appreciative of art. Their chances to see fine pictures and statuary are very few in comparison with those of the people of Italy, Germany and France, where art galleries are numerous, and where the churches are the repositories of many of the best works of the greatest masters. Ecclesiastical art here in Russia is held, for the most part, within rigid bounds by the rules and traditions of the Eastern Church. The *ikons,* though amazingly numerous, seldom if ever depart from certain prescribed rules of execution; they are, as a rule, stiffly conventional symbols of persons and things rather than pictorial representations of the persons or things, making up in gorgeousness of setting (gold, silver and every sort of precious stones being lavishly used to represent, for instance, a Virgin's robe or halo) for the lack of expression in a sacred face.

We cross now to Vasilii Ostrof, the island we have been looking to several times, and which we see in the distance here. Those buildings which we see in line with the Academy of Arts are all facing the Neva, being the first row of buildings on the island. The map shows that we shall go on the third street

from the river, near its eastern end. There we shall see a characteristic bit of church ceremonial, where an *ikon* is being used — the setting-out of a procession of church dignitaries to bless the waters of the Neva and make them fit to drink.

22. St. Catherine Church and Holy-Water Procession.

We are just in time to stand here on the street corner and watch the people as they come out of the St. Catherine Church, yonder, on their way to the river which we have crossed. The river is behind us now, for we are looking nearly north from our station at the corner of First Line and Middle Prospect. See how punctiliously every man and boy in the crowd has bared his head in reverence for the sacred banners and pictures that are being borne down to the water. Many of these men have no notion how to read or write, but every one is taught to show respect for the emblems of the Church faith. Even this white-aproned apprentice boy near us, returning from some errand with that tin can and really quite absorbed at just this moment in staring at us, has taken off his greasy cap in honor of the approaching *ikon*.

Everything in Russia is introduced by an ecclesiastical blessing. They make even more of benediction here in Russia than in the countries where the Latin Church prevails. The Neva waters are blessed to make them fit to drink. The apple crop is blessed before anybody ventures to eat apples. The imperial standards are blessed at the opening of a military review. The flags are blessed at the beginning of the Nijni Novgorod fair. Just how this particular blessing of the river water performs its

mission, these shabby, good-natured folk seldom inquire. Meanwhile, all the world loves a procession. We do, too.

How interesting it is to study faces in a crowd! This man directly in front of us, turning to look across the street, so that we see his mild profile, is a thorough Russian, with his thick mop of hair and his full beard. The small boys over in the middle of the street, by the car track, are attractive little fellows. How they do admire and envy the policemen on horseback, who ride ahead to clear the way for the priests! A good many of the women in this neighborhood seem to be of the humbler classes, for they wear kerchiefs on their heads; that is a picturesque, kerchief-clad head, straight in front of us! See the young girl who *naively* shades her eyes with one hand, the better to gaze, wonderingly, at our foreign figures; just behind her is the wearer of the pretty kerchief, a fringed kerchief, probably the owner's Sunday best, draped effectively about the shoulders, over which a baby peers. And look at the man who stands with bowed, bare head, just beyond the kerchiefed mother with the baby. He has an interesting face; he might be a workingman in one of Tolstoi's stories. If only we could look at the world for just a minute through his eyes! It would be a world quite different from the one you and I know.

The service of blessing the Neva is performed by the priests of several different churches, all at the same time. Now let us go and watch that bit of ceremony. We will take our station near one of the temporary floats put in place for the occasion. The spot is near the extreme left-hand limit of our first view of Vasilii Ostrof (Stereograph 20), close by that part of the river where the little steamboat was plying when we looked off from

the roof of the great cathedral. The maps show that we shall be looking up to the same part of the island front that we saw before.

23. Blessing the Waters of the Neva, St. Petersburg.

There, off to the right, is the Academy of Sciences. We shall recognize our new position at once if we take a look at this building again from our former standpoint on the cathedral (Stereograph 20).

This floating platform, with its gay decorations, is put in place for the occasion only. The cross-crowned pavilion is the place of honor for the *ikons* and the chief dignitaries. There is an *ikon* now; we can see it just over the head of this first man in the row along the nearer side of the float, standing with his back to us. The picture is practically a mass of gold and jewels, only the faces of the Virgin and Child being painted, in sharp contrast with the glittering metal of their clothes.

Do you see how different the cross over the pavilion is from the crosses we oftenest see? The uppermost cross-bar represents the written inscription placed over the head of Christ by the Jews. The lowermost cross-bar, placed crookedly, has more than one signification. Sometimes it serves as a reminder of the earthquake that shook Calvary; again, it is a reminder of an ancient tradition of the Eastern Church, which says that Christ's was a crippled body, that He had one leg shorter than the other, taking upon Himself in the flesh all the humiliations and disabilities of physical imperfection. This elaboration of the cross is very common everywhere in Russia.

The priests are gorgeous when arrayed in robes like these, stiff with embroideries in silk, silver, gold and precious stones. Their long hair and full beards look strange to our western eyes, more accustomed to the shaven faces of Roman Catholic prelates; and stranger still seems at first the fact that they are married men. The Black Clergy or monastic brethren are, of course, vowed to celibacy, but the White Clergy or parish priests are not merely allowed but definitely required to marry before they can be ordained. Their income, beyond a certain limited amount provided by the government, is dependent on the performance of the official duties of the parishes. Fees for christenings, marriages, burials and the like bring in large amounts in rich parishes in the large towns, but out in the country districts many of the priests have a hard time to make both ends meet. They do not even have much to hope for through professional promotion, for important positions in the cities are likely to be given to priests from the monasteries. There are no organs in this land of the Eastern Church; the music is wonderfully good in its own way, but it is altogether vocal. Priests and singers are given long and careful training in the chants and intoned prayers of the ritual service, and their voices, always strong, are often beautiful as well.

One of the interesting places to visit on Vasilii Ostrof is the Bourse or Exchange at the eastern end of the island. We shall go there now. The sectional map shows that we take our stand first near the Exchange Building, and look back almost directly south across the river, toward parts of the city we have lately visited.

24. Palace Bridge, Admiralty and St. Isaac's Church, from the Exchange.

This is the Palace Bridge close by, so called because it crosses to the Winter Palace, which stands beyond our limit of vision on the right. In fact, the bridge leads over to a point near the farther end of the tree-lined avenue down which we looked a little while ago when we were standing by the corner of the Palace itself (Stereograph 13). It is a curious rather than an imposing structure, this bridge, for it is built in sections, of wood, and supported on floats, so that the whole structure can be taken to pieces and put out of the way when ice forms in the river.

Those are the Admiralty buildings once more, west of the bridge. They are arranged in a hollow square or rather a hollow oblong; this is a side opposite the one we saw when we first looked off from the roof of the cathedral (Stereograph 19). The slender spire straight in front of us is still conspicuous; we should recognize it from any new standpoint. The body of St. Isaac's is hidden by the Admiralty, but how that gigantic dome does dominate everything else! They say the sailors often make it out from away down the Gulf as far as Cronstadt.

Was there ever more lavish use of stone in street construction? Look at this granite sea-wall, the paved sidewalk, the roadway, the stone platform and these posts at our feet. They are a perpetual reminder of the stupendous task the Russians undertook when they set about building a national capital in this forsaken region. All these stones, great and small, were brought here for their purpose. It was fortunate for St. Petersburg that rocky Finland was so near. The labor of creating these solid

quays and streets might have been even greater. We cannot venture to say that anything would have been actually impossible with a man like long-headed, rough-and-ready Czar Peter to plan and execute.

This end of Vasilii Ostrof is devoted to the pursuit of money. It is the financial centre of Russia. We are standing on the base of a column; we see the granite blocks at our feet. Suppose we walk part way around this column now, and see what is going on in the opposite direction.

25. Bourse Place, Vasilii Ostrof.

We are looking north-north-west here, as our maps make clear again. At our feet again we have the granite posts, with chains attached for the protection of the column behind us. Off to the left is the street-car line which runs, as the sectional map shows, across the Palace Bridge. It was on our right a few minutes ago when we were looking back to the Admiralty. We saw this line also down on our left when near the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13). It is a busy place here; drays, carts, droschkys, street cars, ships, steamers. That strange construction facing us is one of the tall Mercury columns that we saw also from the head of the Nevsky Prospect (Stereograph 13). We are standing on the pedestal of its lofty mate. At that time the two were almost in line. We saw the column now in front of us when on St. Isaac's (Stereograph 20). Its queer, beak-shaped decorations of bronze, set at intervals in the granite shaft, represent the prows of vessels (Mercury, in the old classical traditions, was the presiding deity of commerce); and its summit bears, one hundred feet above the ground, a group of lanterns often lighted at night

and visible from a long distance. That cathedral which we see looming up just beyond the Mercury tower is one of the few churches in St. Petersburg which show the old-time Russian predilection for an assemblage of small domes on a single building. We shall see many more of those oddly grouped domes, when we go on to Moscow.

Meanwhile, here is the swarming life of St. Petersburg right around us. This is the best chance we have yet found to see droschkys at close range. They do not always have hood tops as here; often in the country towns they are without any covering whatever and even without any support for the back of the passenger. These drivers or *isvostschicks* are perfect types of their class, sleepy looking fellows with long, bushy hair, stiff hats and long frocks belted in at the waist. A Russian writer once said that the typical *isvostschick* looks as if he had a Turk for his father and a Quaker for his mother. There seem to be no definite regulations as to the cost of droschky hire. The guileless looking driver makes the best bargain that he can, beginning with a price three times what he will really accept, and lowering it little by little, volubly protesting the while that he is being ruined; and, indeed, he does not make any great amount of money, take the year together, for the holidays when droschkys are in great demand are not numerous enough to make his income roll up to any great amount. These men seldom speak any language but their own Russian, so the bargaining must be done in that tongue. Suppose we wish to go over to the Catherine Church (Stereograph 22); we call, "Isvostschick!" and one of these drivers moves over near us to see what is wanted. "Perva Linea ee Sredne Prospekt. Skolko Prossesh?" (First

Line and Middle Prosepect; how much do you ask?) "Shaist Greeven." (Thirty cents.) "Aito otchen dorogo; n'yai dahm bolaiyai dvatset kopeck." (It is too dear; I will give no more than ten cents.) He looks abused, and protests, "Niet, niet, treetset kopeck!" (No, no, fifteen cents.) Then we try, "Dvatset-pyait kopeck." (Twelve-and-a-half cents.) He shakes his head sorrowfully, and we turn away as if to find another droschky. He lets us go as long as he thinks we *may* turn back, and then calls out, "Pahzshahluyste!" (Please!) This means that he accepts our last offer, and we start off. At first he will drive rather slowly, in order to make us ask him to drive faster and promise, "Yeslee tee main'ya pavaiz'yosh paskaraiyai, to preebahvlew taibai na vodkoo." (If you drive well, I will add something for the drink.) Then the sleepy, little horse wakes up too; the funny, little vehicle goes spinning along like the very wind, and we get to our destination in less time than it took to drive the bargain. We pay him thirty-five kopecks instead of twenty-five, and he is perfectly satisfied, doffing his hat with "Blagahdaryou vahss!" (I thank you!), and goes off to find another customer, hoping the next one will be as generous in fees as we were. Sometimes two droschky drivers will compete for a waiting customer, tossing all sorts of jokes and playful abuse at each other; but, in the end, they always accept good-naturedly whatever decision the patron makes.

Job teamsters are numerous too, in this part of the town. They clamor eagerly over a job in prospect, but they belong to a labor union, and underbidding has to end at a certain point. At that point they are likely to draw lots, to see who shall do the

work. They are vociferous but kindly souls, asking little of life and—it must be confessed—getting little.

The harnesses of these wagons and drays are different in several respects from those to which we are accustomed. See that trace extending from shaft to axle on the wagon, loaded with barrels! It looks as if the main dependence were the tying of the shafts to the collar, the arched *douga,* meanwhile, holding the shafts a little apart, so that they do not actually rub the sides of the patient beast.

These odd, little street-cars, with the staircase leading up to the rail-enclosed top, are always interesting. Such double-decked tram-cars are used all over Europe. It must be much pleasanter to ride on the outer, upper seats than shut in down below. Horse-cars, yes, and evidently gas-lights here; but we saw electric-light poles on the Nevsky Prospect (Stereograph 8) and the Bolschaya Morskaya (Stereograph 11), so we know the city of the Czar is adopting the newest methods of city house-keeping. Where do you suppose that fine, large steamship comes from? And where do you suppose those vessels are going—the vessels whose masts we see as they lie by the quay? Russia's trade is on the increase, as it must needs be, though her own resources are nowhere near being fully developed. America's trade with Russia is at present less than that with the great European powers. Tools of various sorts are brought in here from America, but the American exports to the Czar's land are raw materials, largely cottons and oils. Russia sends out in return raw wool, hides, flax and hemp and a share of her precious platinum. Riga and the other ports on the Baltic take a good deal of the shipping trade; still, St. Petersburg is itself an important business

centre. The railroad service is being made more and more efficient all over the country, and, besides, Russia uses canals for freight transportation.

We turn now to the Bourse or Exchange Building on our left.

26. The Exchange Building.

This is where big "deals" are made, in the Exchange Building, round which our crowd of teams (Stereograph 25) was gathered. It seems an odd whim to build a Russian Bourse in the form of an old Greek temple, and flank it with pillars in honor of the classic god of commerce (Stereograph 25), but that was the taste of the architects of the first Alexander in 1815. It is as little Russian as the outside of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 18). No, it is to Moscow that we must look for quaintness in the national architecture. There we shall find buildings with all the flavor of the barbarously splendid old times of Boris and Ivan the Terrible. Just now we are in Russia-of-the-present and guessing at Russia-of-the-future. The fortunes that are made in this Exchange are going to be more and more of a power behind the Army and the Throne.

When we first looked from the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 19) we saw the spire of the Cathedral of Peter and Paul far beyond the Admiralty across the river. Now we may enter that cathedral. It is part of the fortress that occupies a small island lying north-east of Vasilii Ostrof. The fortress has been a state prison since the time of its builder, Peter the Great. It was there his son Alexis was imprisoned for conspiracy; there the heir-apparent suddenly and mysteriously died

just after a stormy interview with the imperious Czar. Peter himself was buried in the fortress cathedral, and, with one exception (his grandson Peter II), all the Russian sovereigns since his day have been buried under the same roof.

27. Burial-Place of the Czars, in the Peter-Paul Church of the Fortress, St. Petersburg.

The body of the great Peter lies here. Alexander I, who drove Napoleon's armies out, rests here too, in a tomb commemorating the victories of 1812. Alexander II, who freed the serfs, is buried here. Just before us at the left are hung memorial wreaths in honor of the late Alexander III, father of the present Czar,—not perishable memorials made of real leaves, but wreaths executed in gold, silver and jewels, the gifts of monarchs and princes all over the world. When M. Faure, then President of France, visited St. Petersburg to cement the national alliance in 1897, he brought with him an offering for this sacred corner, an olive branch of gold.

Notice the two *ikons* at this nearest (left) corner of the wall. One hangs low, nearly facing us, the other is at right angles to the first, facing the open space in the middle of the church, and each one has a lamp hanging before it according to the reverent custom of the place. That must be still another *ikon* on the wall just this side of the balcony-like pulpit. Almost all these *ikons* were painted by priests in certain Russo-Greek monasteries. The people love them in spite of, or possibly because of, their strange stiffness and ceremonial rigidity. In Russian eyes they are far holier than Raphael's Madonnas or the frescoes of Fra Angelico.

An old Russian song in vogue after the death of Peter the Great pictures the feelings of one of the cathedral guards standing in this spot where we are now:—

> "In our holy Russia, in the glorious town of Peter, in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul, on the right side, by the tombs of the Czars, a young soldier was on duty. Standing there he thought, and thinking, he began to weep. He wept; it was a river that flowed. He sobbed; it was the throb of waves. Bathed in tears he cried: 'Alas, open, ye bands of coffins! Open, ye golden coverlets, and thou, O orthodox Czar, do thou awake; do thou arise! Look, master, on thy guard; contemplate all thine army; see how the regiments are disciplined, how the colonels are with the regiments, and all the majors with their horses, the captains at the head of their companies, the officers leading their divisions, the ensigns supporting the standards. They wait for thee!'"

The sacred pictures, or *ikons*, that we see on the wall at the left are characteristic of Russian churches. If we were near enough to see these in detail we should find them representing sacred personages in the same stiff, conventional manner, the faces and hands painted, and all the rest of the picture a mass of gold, silver and precious stones. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of jewels are often set into and around an *ikon* specially reverenced on account of its miracle-working powers. The Russian Church, as a rule, discourages sculptured representations of divine or saintly persons; but the devout pray before an *ikon* just as their brethren in the Latin Church pray before a crucifix, a statue or a painted picture.

We see no seats here, but that is not an exceptional arrangement due to the presence of the imperial tombs. There are never any seats for the worshippers in a Russian church. All through the long ritual service—it may be one hour, two, three, perhaps longer still on some great occasion—we should have to

stand; every Russian, even the Czar himself, stands or kneels according to the movement of the ritual. The priests—we saw some of them at the open-air service, blessing the waters (Stereograph 23)—are magnificently robed, and the singing is almost always beautiful. There is a great deal in the Russian church service to impress and awe the bystander, even though he was born and bred in an alien faith.

Let us take one last look at this rich interior of the Fortress Cathedral with its distant altar and candles, its cavernous, dusky roof, and its cold marble floor, under which the bodies of the Czars lie ranged,—and go out again under the blue sky into the sunshine.

In midsummer, everybody who can afford it goes away from the large cities to the seashore or the country. The royal family set the fashion by maintaining country residences, and the rich folk have their own villas and country seats. Besides, there is, of course, a permanent rural population surrounding the towns; and the contrast of high life and low life thus afforded is often most striking.

Let us go out a little way into the country, and get a glimpse of the simple, commonplace, out-of-door life of the peasants, as a balance for the royal magnificence and gloomy splendor of the tombs of the Czars.

For some time now we shall have occasion to make frequent reference to the map "Environs of St. Petersburg." The rectangles in red on this map, as on the general map of Russia, indicate the sections which are shown on a larger scale on other

maps. The place we are about to go to now is found on this map a few miles to the north-west of St. Petersburg, near Lakhta.

28. Making Hay in Russia.

Here, for instance, only a few miles outside St. Petersburg, we see a bit of characteristic country life. During harvest-times men and women often work together in the fields as we see them here. As in most European countries, the women do their share (possibly more than their share) of the rougher labor. In summer they often work bare-headed as we see them now, though those gay plaid kerchiefs, knotted about the necks of their calico gowns, do service for head-gear when needed.

Here in the country, just as in town, the men almost universally wear cloth caps with visors, and blouses loosely tied in around the waist above well-worn trousers.

Aren't those wooden rakes primitive, clumsy affairs? And still more primitive is the way in which the women gather up great loads of hay by hand, and carry it themselves to their little barns for storage. What would these simple plodders think if they could see the modern farm machinery of our own country? Almost all agricultural labor here in Russia is done at a great disadvantage with the poorest and most out-of-date tools; for, in the first place, these simple, kindly folk do not know there are any better helps; in the second place, if they did know it, few of them have money to buy improved machinery; and, in the third place, they are a conservative set; if they had both the information and the money, the chances are that they would for a time cling to the old, unhandy ways, saying dully: "What's the use?"

Public education has not yet spread so far out from the cities, or so far down through the ranks, as to do much for these descendants of the serfs; they have not yet waked up. But, if we are inclined to criticise the system of a country where too much education turns one class of citizens into Nihilists, and too little education leaves another class plodding dullards, it might be a good idea to remember that it is only forty years since the peasants were freed from serfdom, and that it takes time to bring about the right educational balance when one has one hundred and thirty-two million people to educate! That is the case with His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas II, at present.

The Russian system of peasant land-holding is a curious experiment in communistic ownership under an autocratic government. Each village is allotted a certain quantity of land, and the village commune, or Mir (composed of the peasants themselves), is responsible to the State for a certain amount of taxes, seventeen dollars a year from each head of a family, married man, or widow. Every head of a family is not only allowed but obliged to hold some amount of land; the amount is intended to be regulated by the number of persons belonging to the family. Nearly four hundred million acres of Russian land are thus in the hands of the peasantry; but, as a rule, the peasant land-holder has no permanent right to any particular piece of land, —only to a certain share of the whole village tract. The family shares may be re-distributed once in a certain number of years, at the pleasure of the village council, though every land-holder is himself a part of the Mir and can cast a vote regarding any question brought up for general discussion. The chairman of the Mir is a person of local importance, and the happiness or

misery of a village depends to a great extent on his personal character.

Why do not the more enterprising of these young fellows with the hay-rakes go off to make their fortunes in the large towns? Some of them do, and become rich in trades of various sorts; but it is not always an easy matter for a Russian countryman to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Whether he goes or stays, a peasant land-holder belonging to a village commune *must* pay his share of the land tax. If his payments fail while he is seeking his fortune in St. Petersburg or Moscow, he may be summoned by the village police and summarily sent back to his acres by the city authorities. Our Russian-with-the-hoe has to confront difficulties somewhat more complicated than those of his brethren in other lands.

But even the Russian-with-the-hoe has a future, and his future is coming in over those steel rails that cross the fields in front of us. It is coming by way of the telegraph wires that we see reaching from pole to pole over these interminable plains. Where the railroad and the telegraph come, a better civilization follows, and Russia is making enormous strides in her forward progress. Forty years ago there were hardly five hundred miles of railroad in all Russia. Today there are over twenty-seven thousand miles in actual operation, and at least seven thousand more in process of construction. In 1899 the government expended sixty-five million dollars on the extension of railroads alone. They cannot be built in a day, nor can they bring modern ideas and New World prosperity in a day; but the better times are coming.

The country round about St. Petersburg needs a good deal of encouragement from mankind to make it smile. Its habitual expression is rather serious and doubtful. But where time and money have been spent upon it a sort of northern fairy-land has blossomed. Suppose we turn the other way—move down across the Gulf towards the south-west, to Peterhof, and see what Peter and his royal successors have succeeded in making of rural Russia in the vicinity of their own summer homes.

The imperial family have many residences. The Winter Palace (Stereograph 13) is a ceremonial home, a place for court balls and other formal festivities in the height of the social season; but the Czar and his household are really most at home in the summer palaces of Peterhof and Tsarskoe Selò, country suburbs, a few miles west from St. Petersburg proper. Suppose we go to Peterhof first. We shall catch glimpses of some great people there, and we shall see charming gardens, well worth the trouble of a short journey.

On the map "Environs of St. Petersburg" Peterhof is found about ten miles west of the capital city. To keep our bearings while about the Summer Palace we shall need to follow closely the special map "Peterhof." We shall stand first, as we find on this map, nearly half way between the landing stage and the Grand Chateau or Peterhof Palace, and look south along the canal to the palace front.

29. The Avenue of Fountains, Imperial Palace of Peterhof, Russia.

Is not the Emperor's garden like a bit of fairy-land? For fifteen hundred feet this gay, little canal is lined with fountains,

trees and gilded statues. That is Peterhof Palace at the head of the canal. We might guess from its name and from these elaborately constructed water-works that adorn the grounds, that the place is another monument to the aquatic tastes and the endless ingenuity of Peter the Great. There is no use in trying to get away from the reach of his personality in and about St. Petersburg. It is everywhere.

The fountains at the head of the canal almost hide the palace from where we stand. We can go nearer if we like, almost among those feathery jets of water. The tallest one, in the center, is fully eighty feet high.

30. Peterhof Palace, the Czar's Summer Residence.

It looks as if this great stairway might be as wet as the ascent of the bed of the Imatra Rapids (Stereograph 5); but the people, as you see, can walk at the foot of the terrace among the fountains, assuring us as to the existence of some dry avenue of passage. The fact is, the water has its own staircase, and people have another just beyond. It must be a beautiful sight to see when the fountains are illuminated on special festival days. There is an air of frank gayety about the place which is very attractive.

Peterhof is, during the summer, a centre of interest to travellers on account of its occupancy by the royal family. The present monarch does not spend nearly all the summer at Peterhof, but he and the gracious Empress often receive here their guests of honor.

We will climb now on the left of the fountains to the road

which runs along the front of the Palace. The map shows that we shall be looking toward the west or toward our right here.

31. Equipages before Peterhof Palace.

It is a common thing to see this larch-bordered avenue full of carriages as now. These happen to bring, not soldiers nor diplomats nor political magnates, but members of a Geological Commission visiting Russia during the summer (1897).

The Palace itself certainly is not especially beautiful. Russian architecture of the last two hundred years has not much to recommend it or distinguish it from showy, florid building in other parts of Europe. It is only when we see Moscow that we shall really know characteristic Russian architecture. And it is worth knowing. The fantastic dome crowning the cupola yonder is a hint of what we are to see in Moscow.

The Russians themselves tell a good story about how the Czar Nicholas I one day asked a certain sentry whom he found pacing up and down a certain beat here in the Peterhof park, why he was stationed at that particular spot. The sentry did not know; he was ordered there; that was all. The Czar asked the officer in charge. The guard did not know. It had always been customary to keep a sentry perpetually pacing that particular path. The inquiry was pushed still farther back, to officers who knew only the unbroken tradition; and at last it was found that, away back in the eighteenth-century days of Catherine II, a sentry had been set to guard a certain rosebud which the empress desired to see unfold, and, as the order for a guard had never been formally revoked, there had been a guard ever since. "Theirs not to question why!"

The visiting geologists, whose carriages we see here are, by virtue of their profession, living interrogation points. Ah, well,—it takes all sorts of people to make up a world.

This meeting with the Geological Commission is an interesting incident. Our main purpose in coming up to the palace itself is to see the fountains from still another standpoint. Of course, the fountains are on our right here; we have only to turn in that direction to have them spread out before us. According to the map we shall then be facing north.

32. The Fountains, from Peterhof Palace.

Surely there is nothing on earth more beautiful in its way than water dancing in the sun! And here the statues that seem to be playing with the waters are gilded so that they gleam and glitter through the spray, giving a double effect of gayety. It is, perhaps, a childish sort of spectacle. The Russians are frankly fond of striking colors and bright, glittering, shining things, like a nation of good-natured children, and we certainly have no notion of criticising them for it here; the whole scene has such an air of enticing gayety. The feathery larches and fir trees are not tall enough to give any effect of cathedral sombreness. They only offer green shade in contrast to the glitter and gleam and splashing jollity of the fountains.

Some sculptor has connected these bronze water-sprites with this most spectacular collection of fountains in many ingenious ways.

Away at the farther end of the canal we see the shore of the Gulf of Finland, for Peterhof is a seaside resort. We will go

down on the Czar's pier presently, for important guests are coming and going. Perhaps we may catch a glimpse of them.

But what is it they tell us? The Czarina and the Empress of Germany are driving through the park, and we must hurry if we wish to see them. Dancing fountains are beautiful, but live empresses are still more attractive to us austere republican folks!

They are to be found in the park off to our right.

33. Their Majesties the Empresses of Russia and Germany Driving through Peterhof Park.

It is the Czarina who sits nearest to us. The Empress of Germany is at her right hand.

The Czarina is said to be both lovely and lovable, the sort of woman whom we could wish to see on a throne. She has three little daughters, but there is as yet (1901) no Czarevitch or Crown Prince. She herself was the daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and Princess Alice of England, which makes her Victoria's granddaughter and a niece of King Edward VII. When she was married she followed the custom of new Czarinas, and took a Russian name, Alexandra Feodorovna. The Emperor of Germany is her own cousin, for his mother was the Princess Royal of England, Victoria's eldest daughter. The German Empress was Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

It is not often that such great people visit their cousins. The European papers (1897) have been full of the doings of the last day or two since their Imperial Majesties came from Germany. Receptions, reviews, state dinners,—it means hard work in its way to wear a crowned head.

This carriage that the Czarina uses today is comparatively simple; but the one in which she rode through Moscow to her coronation,—that was like the carriages in Aladdin's stable, if, indeed, Aladdin kept horses as well as magic travelling carpets. The coach itself was gilded like the most elegant of jewel boxes, drawn by eight snow-white stallions in gilded harness, their heads decorated with snowy ostrich feathers. It must have been a gorgeous sight, but, after all, this more modest equipage suits the gentle lady very well. Good fortune to her!

There are all sorts of odd, little pavilions and cottages scattered through these grounds, associated in one way or another with the studies and recreations of different royal personages. We shall see one in another part of the grounds.

34. Narcissus Fountain, on Empress Island, Peterhof.

The Peterhof gardens are full of statues; the fountains themselves are often of statuary, half hidden while the waters play. The waters are so beautiful we forgive them for hiding the statuary; but when once in a while we come upon a basin where the water is not turned on, it is likely to be worth looking at. This is one of the designs most admired for the ingenuity of its idea and the grace with which the idea has been carried out. Narcissus, we remember, was the youth in the old Greek story whom Nemesis punished for his cold temperament, making him learn to his sorrow how it feels to be hopelessly in love. The poor boy was bewitched by the beauty of his own reflection in a fountain; he gazed upon it, breathed vows and petitions to it, but sighed and swore in vain, for the charming image would never come up out of the water to meet him.

And here he is, poor lad, watching for the enchanting reflection to reappear, as it will do when the gardener turns the water on once more.

If we had time, we would go into this pavilion near by, for it is modeled after the old Pompeian houses. But we will not spare the time for it now.

Again comes the word that there is something to see; this time it is the Russian Imperial Guard down on the pier at the end of the canal (Stereograph 31), waiting for the German Emperor to embark for St. Petersburg.

35. The Russian Imperial Guard Awaiting the German Emperor, Peterhof Pier.

We might know this was a holiday occasion, for these soldiers, each one ready for a fight to the death when the right time comes, are just now taking life easily without over-strict adherence to the etiquette of "eyes front." See, several of these stiff, bearded fellows are looking this way with smiling curiosity. There are both German and Russian flags floating in the light breeze which blows up the Gulf of Finland.

The map shows we are looking west on the pier. So St. Petersburg is still farther up the Gulf back of us (east).

The yacht *Alexandria* is lying here alongside the pier. That is a bit of her bows at the right.

Russia's main strength lies in her men, trained to fight for God and the Czar. Every man over twenty-one is liable to be called into the army. They are drilled to the last point of obedient effectiveness, fearing nothing, enduring anything, and filled with almost fanatical faith in the righteous certainty that the Czar

must always win. It is said that there are some fifty thousand officers in the Russian army. These officers seldom, if ever, rise to their position from a place in the ranks. Certain social as well as soldierly qualifications are necessary to the holder of an officer's commission. Indeed, there are a number of distinguished foreigners in the Russian service. Curiously enough (curiously, considering the old-time attitude of France and Russia), Louis Napoleon, the second son of Princess Clothilde, is a colonel of the Czarina's Lancers. How times do change!

The royal guests are about leaving Peterhof, so we will go too, returning to St. Petersburg in hopes to catch another glimpse of them there. Wilhelm II and the Empress Augusta Victoria will be in the city for a day or two longer.

36. The Yacht Alexandria, Conveying the German Emperor, Passing the German Cadet Ship Charlotta.

It is fortunate that we hurried back from Peterhof. We are in time to see the royal yacht *Alexandria* with the German Emperor on board. First, though, we should understand our location. Turn to the general map of St. Petersburg, and look for the St. Nicholas bridge over the Great Neva, some distance to the left, or west, of the Palace bridge, which we have seen before. A little to the left of this Nicholas bridge on the south bank of the Neva is found a red circle enclosing the number 36, and from this point our two red lines branch out toward the north-east, indicating our location. Now we can point out some familiar landmarks in the scene before us.

That is the Nicholas bridge yonder, in front of us, at the right, and beyond the bridge to the left of that first tall mast,

we can make out the needle-pointed spire of the fortress cathedral of Peter and Paul. We saw that spire once before, from the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 19), but we were a little nearer to it then. By the way, Kaiser Wilhelm himself has just been over there to visit the burial place of the Czars in the cathedral; he brought from Berlin a memorial wreath for the tomb of the Czar's father, Alexander III (Stereograph 27). St. Isaac's and the Admiralty are away off at our right, not quite in range as we stand here.

The large building on the river bank, opposite where we are now, is the Art Academy which we have also seen before from another point on the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 21).

And here comes the *Alexandria,* bearing the Czar with Kaiser Wilhelm as his guest. It was this *Alexandria* that met the German visitors off Kronstadt the day of their arrival in their own German vessel, and she has been at their service ever since. The Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, is the Russian High Admiral, but, while they were crossing over from Kronstadt to Peterhof, Wilhelm II was created by courtesy an Admiral of the Russian fleet. It was a graceful way to play with rather large commissions.

Don't you envy those German cadets on the Charlotta? Who would not be a sailor-boy if he could perch picturesquely in mid-air as these lads are doing, to salute the heads of the two great nations, Russia and Germany, as they go by? All the same, one would need a sailor's steady nerves to stand like a decorative flag-staff on one of those dizzy yards, as those boys are proudly doing. It is devoutly to be hoped that none of these boys may ever sail up the Neva on any less peaceful occasion than the present.

We cannot follow royalty everywhere, but we are fortunate enough to be admitted to certain ceremonies in the court-yard of the Alexander Hospital. The institution is under German management, and this visit of the Emperor and Empress naturally tends to give it special *prestige*. It is situated over on the island, not far back from the river, but beyond our range of vision on the left, as we see on the map.

37. Founding of the Alexander Hospital, St. Petersburg, by the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

Are we not fortunate? We do not exactly occupy front seats at this spectacle, but, better than that, we are precisely opposite the "front seats," or place of honor, where we can see the royal guests very well. That is Kaiser Wilhelm, the sovereign of the great German Empire, standing on the portico at the right of the head of the stairs. See, his breast is covered with decorations, and he holds some sort of paper in his hand. It is the Empress Augusta Victoria who stands next to him, and the ladies in the background are all court beauties, with enough titles and blue blood to populate a whole library of novels of European high life. Do you see that tall, bearded man at the extreme right, almost behind the trunk of this tree out in the court-yard? He is the Russian Grand Duke Michael, a brother of Alexander II and great-uncle to the present Czar, the General Field-Marshal and Chief of Artillery. It must be a strange experience to come near being the autocrat of one-seventh of the whole earth, and yet never quite mount the throne. Wouldn't it be interesting to know what these great folk think in their own hearts about the drama in which they are cast for such prominent *rôles?* Do

they always take themselves seriously, always think of themselves in capital letters, as it were? It must be immensely difficult—if indeed it be possible—for an Emperor to put the habitual attitude of the public quite out of his consciousness and feel just as any other man would feel; that is, it must be difficult after one is grown up. They tell here in Russia a pretty story of a little daughter of stern Nicholas I, who said one day to the monarch whose frowns were something unspeakable, "I know, dear papa, you have no wish greater than to make mamma happy." Dear little maid! But she never lived to grow up.

The choir-men here in front of us are all ready with their music. There is to be a solemn religious service, and, after it is over, the great Russian dignitaries are to be formally presented to the German sovereigns. As for us, we are neither Russian nor great, so this will be our own nearest view of their Majesties. At all events, we have had our glimpse of the august heads of the vast German empire. That is what we came for. And it is our last opportunity, too, for the royal visit is about to end.

It is not, however, the end of our opportunity to see great people of one sort or another, for at the time we are seeing St. Petersburg (1897) the Czar and the Czarina welcome the coming almost while they speed the parting guest. The decorations which we saw in Peterhof Park (Stereograph 33) have already been hastily remodeled to do honor to another guest, M. Felix Faure, President of the Republic of France. Wherever the initials of Wilhelm had appeared, there are now emblazoned the letters R. F. (Republique Française), and the black-white-and-red flags of Germany have been taken down and replaced by the

French tricolor. It is a good thing for the public treasury that the decorations can thus easily be made over and so serve a second time. Their first installation must have cost a pretty penny.

President Faure also has, so we hear, been met at Kronstadt by the Czar and the Grand Duke Alexis, and taken on board the *Alexandria* to Peterhof. From Peterhof he has come to St. Petersburg. The mayor of the city has offered him bread and salt, symbolic of the hospitality of the metropolis, and now one function rapidly succeeds another in the programme arranged for his entertainment or in his honor.

One of the most important and significant courtesies extended to President Faure is the Czar's invitation to assist in laying the corner-stone of the new Troitsky bridge over the Neva. The old bridge is a movable affair made of wood, somewhat after the fashion of the Palace bridge which we inspected from near the Exchange on Vasilii Ostrof (Stereograph 24). The new one is to be of permanent form and materials. It had been planned to make the new bridge the text for special festivities in honor of the silver wedding of Alexander III; but when man—even a Czar—proposes, it is still God who disposes. Alexander's body is laid away in the cathedral of Peter and Paul (Stereograph 27), and it is Alexander's son who sits on the throne when the great day comes. All that President Faure could do for the Czar Alexander was to bring a golden olive branch to lay upon his tomb in that corner we so well remember in the fortress cathedral.

Either the general map of St. Petersburg or the map of the central section of the city will indicate the place where we

are to see this most interesting ceremony. We find the Troitsky bridge about as far to the east as the Nicholas bridge was to the west of the Palace bridge. The corner-stone laying is to be near the southern end of the bridge.

38. The Czar of Russia and the French President Laying the Corner-stone of the Troitsky Bridge.

The Neva river is behind us. We are looking nearly south, facing the city proper. And what a crowd of Russian celebrities!

This gorgeously arrayed personage with the jewelled dome of a crown and robes stiff with embroidery is the highest acting official of the Russian Church, Monseigneur Palladius, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. The Czar is *ex officio* head of the Church in a certain sense, but the Metropolitan is its head so far as practical facts are concerned, being the presiding officer of the Synod, under whose jurisdiction all questions of ecclesiastical polity are decided. And here is the great Nicholas himself, directly facing the Metropolitan. He looks just like the pictures we have seen; we should know him at once. His simple, soldierly costume seems wholly unassuming, compared with the Metropolitan's splendor, even with all the decorations on his breast. His close-trimmed full beard is just as we have seen it in his portraits, and he has the same way of looking straight out from under his eyebrows. He looks like a soldier and a gentleman. What a frightful weight of responsibility there is resting on those square shoulders of his! To think that the lives and fortunes of over a hundred and thirty million people (almost twice as many as the whole population of the United States) are absolutely at his disposal! We free-and-easy, as-good-as-the-

next-man Americans can hardly realize the different conditions that prevail in Russia, our customary modes of thought are so unlike those of the land of the Czar. An American, talking with a prominent Russian not long ago about the importance of the construction of the great Trans-Siberian railway and its prospective opening of a way for Russian troops and supplies to reach the open seas, observed that, after all, it would be difficult to utilize the railroad fully, in an emergency, for the transportation of any considerable number of men or amounts of supplies, because of insufficiency of rolling-stock. "You don't understand at all," said the Russian. "If it were so ordered, every railway car in the empire would be taken for the purpose." "But the damage to general business——" "That would not be considered. If the thing were necessary it would simply be done."

But it is not within the bounds of human possibility for any one man, even Nicholas II, to personally originate or even to investigate fully all the projects of the government. Some of the other men whom we see here before us are actually a part of the autocracy, its vital organs.

That is President Felix Faure at the Czar's right hand, exactly facing us, the simple republican in the plain coat, just such as our own Chief Executive might wear. He is, of course, the guest of honor. The man at the Czar's left hand, with the full gray beard and dark hair, a cluster of decorations on his coat, is the Lord Mayor of St. Petersburg. He is the official who proffered to President Faure on his arrival the traditional bread-and-salt, as, indeed, he had done a few days previously for the German Emperor and Empress.

But let us see who else is here.

Look over to the left of the group first. At the extreme left, in the front row of spectators, do you see that middle-aged man in uniform, with shoulder-straps, a gilt belt and decorations on his coat—he has turned his head away to speak to another bystander? That is the Grand Duke Constantine, a cousin of the Czar. The man behind him, facing towards the left, is the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Paul. The decorated officer facing Constantine (the one with a high, bare forehead) is another uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral of the Russian fleet. He is the one who went down to Kronstadt with the Czar on the *Alexandria* to welcome in turn both the German sovereigns and the French President. Then there is an elderly man at the left of Alexis, or at his left hand, wearing huge, fringed epaulets, with a broad sash across his chest, and more decorations. He is Vice-Admiral Tyrtoff, the Minister of the Navy.

Yes, there is another most important person just behind the vice-admiral. Do you see just over the fringed epaulet on the vice-admiral's left shoulder that man with the short, white beard and the high, square roof of a head, a man who looks as if a good deal might be going on inside that same head? Look at him twice. He is Vannofski, the Minister of War (in 1897), a member of the Imperial Council and—next to the Czar—the leading member of the Committee on the Trans-Siberian Railway and, in 1901, appointed Minister of Public Instruction.

Prince Bieloselsky is a distinguished looking man. He is the handsome, tall, bearded officer whom we can see just over the crowned head of Monseigneur the Metropolitan. You can identify him by the many horizontal bars of gilt braid over the breast of his coat and the broad sash which crosses his chest

diagonally from the left shoulder. His dignified head hardly needs a crown like that of Monseigneur Palladius.

The plainer person just behind Prince Bieloselsky's right shoulder—at Minister Vannofski's left hand—is a prominent officer, General Boisdeffre. The light in his eyes makes him scowl a bit. Yes, there is still another famous officer, General Gervais, the rather thin-faced, care-worn man with epaulets and sash and decorations, who stands just behind handsome Prince Bieloselski's left shoulder.

The notables are really too many for us to note them all. Every man here is Somebody-in-Particular, somebody whose birth or official position, or both, entitle him to the greatest honors of the capital. And the people on the grand-stand and the balconies are important too. Grand duchesses and princesses are as thick as blackberries here today, and one must needs be very great indeed to be much noticed.

How President Faure's simple republican dignity does stand out in contrast with the magnificence of his hosts! People count it a very significant courtesy on the Czar's part, this invitation of the French President to assist in these consecration ceremonies. It is generally understood that it indicates a definitely friendly alliance of the two nations, the French and the Russian. So it is not merely a gay holiday show at which we are gazing here. It is an outward sign of a serious political attitude which may prove to be of vast importance to France, to Russia, to all Europe, even, it may be, to the whole civilized world. Nobody can yet tell how far the widening ripples from this little courtesy are going to spread.

President Faure has not long to stay. His first day was spent in receptions at Peterhof. His second day has seen the laying of the corner-stone of the Troitsky bridge. Next he is invited to review the Russian troops at Krasnoe Selò, a few miles outside the city. We will go see the review too; but, on the way, we shall have time for a glimpse of some other interesting places in the city and the region round about.

On our way to the railway station we can see one more St. Petersburg church, the famous cathedral of the Holy Trinity. This is found on the general map, nearly a mile and a half directly south of the Admiralty.

39. The Soldiers' Church, St. Petersburg, with the Monument of Turkish Cannon.

It reminds us of St. Isaac's, though it is not so large, and its domes are differently arranged. Besides, St. Isaac's great central dome was covered with gold-leaf, and these five clustered roofs are all sky blue, sprinkled thick with stars of gold. Russia does delight in gay effects of color.

This church itself is less than seventy years old, but it stands on the site of an older chapel where Peter the Great wedded his lowly born Catherine,—a match of doubtful promise according to general principles of suitability, but it turned out well, for the Empress made up in tact and good sense what she lacked in birth, education and breeding.

This present church was consecrated in 1835 and specially attached to the Ismailof Regiment of Guards, so it is popularly known as the Soldiers' Church. Indeed, one is reminded here more of war on earth than of peace in heaven, for the golden

stars and crosses are nowhere near as impressive as that unique monument facing it in the square. That monument is a memorial of the Russian victories over Turkey in 1877. St. Petersburg delights in monuments, and this one meant a good deal, for all those vertical columns that combine to make up the successive sections or stories of the metal shaft are cannon captured from the Turks. Counting the granite base and the bronze figure of Victory on the summit, with her laurel wreath in one hand and an olive branch in the other, the whole monument is nearly one hundred feet high.

It was a great war, that war of 1877 with Turkey. It came near being much greater than it was, too, for if the other European Powers had not interfered, in all human probability the Russians would have taken Constantinople and made the dream of the nation come true at last, that is, gained possession of the coveted door to the Mediterranean Sea.

The time is not yet.

To come down to trifles, what is that wagon yonder, just coming towards us around the corner near the monument? Surely a sort of wagon built like ordinary European and American vehicles, and the horse has no *douga* nodding over his shoulders. We have become so used to things Russian that it is a genuine surprise to see something so much like home.

Not far from Peterhof is another summer resort of the imperial family, Tsarskoe Selò (The Czar's Village). It has been a favorite retreat of city people ever since the beginnings of life in St. Petersburg. The little town is only fifteen miles from the metropolis, and the fact that the imperial family spend some

time here every year attracts each season a large colony of summer residents and a troop of summer visitors. There are two especially interesting palaces at Tsarskoe Selò, belonging to the royal family. We shall see both of them.

Again we must have recourse to the map "Environs of St. Petersburg." There we find Tsarskoe Selò about fifteen miles south of the main city.

40. The Alexander Palace, Tsarskoe Selò.

We come in sight of one of these palaces,—the Alexander Palace,—as we cross the Lesser Garden of the Imperial Park. It certainly looks like a delightful house, and it is no wonder the great Alexander was so fond of it. They say he used to live very simply here, with little show or state. One day in his time an English lady was walking down this path where we are now, when two dogs that were being exercised by a gentleman near by ran up to her with doggish curiosity; she was frightened, and their owner, seeing this, called them off and apologized to her for their bad manners. He seemed a very kindly and agreeable person, so the Englishwoman, being anxious to see all the sights intelligently, asked him all sorts of questions about the palace and the different pavilions and monuments in the grounds. "But most of all," she confided to him, "I want to see the Emperor. Where do you suppose I could catch a glimpse of him?" "Oh, you will very likely see him around here somewhere," her guide assured her. "He often walks here." She passed on and later met an officer, to whom she repeated her question about the Emperor. "That was the Emperor himself, madam," said the officer, "the gentleman with the dogs."

The same simplicity and hospitality are still kept up in this lovely, rambling park. These little folks sitting on the bank are children of the people, and this park is practically a free, open playground for them and such as they, with boats and swings and all sorts of out-of-door games freely at their command. The privilege does not seem to be abused either, for these embryo Russians, while they love to romp and run like human children the world over, seem to have naturally gentler manners than our young Americans, and can be trusted to keep out of uncouth pranks and destructive mischief.

The young Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses have their fun here, too. The Duchess of Edinburgh, Victoria's daughter-in-law, is an aunt of the present Czar Nicholas. When she was a little girl the size of our shy friend here on the grass, she used to play about here with her dolls. She and her brothers planted a good many of the willows that grow so abundantly alongside the water-courses (is not that a beautiful tree growing out over the water?); for they had the pretty custom of setting out the pussy-willow twigs that were given to them at church every Palm Sunday.

Continuing our walk to the part of the park known as the Old Garden, we come to a larger palace, an immense range of apartments with a frontage of nearly eight hundred feet.

41. The Largest of the Imperial Palaces, Tsarskoe Selô.

They say that once upon a time, in the reign of the great Catherine II (1762-1796), all the sculptured carvings on this huge *façade* were covered with gold-leaf, making the building as gorgeous as a giant's jewel-box. It was Catherine's way of keep-

ing up to the luxurious standard of European court life in the days when Louis XV set the pace.

The bulb-shaped domes, clustered on the roof yonder, show the location of a chapel where the royal family worship on special occasions. If we were to go in, we should find *ikons* set up to guide their devotions, and an open space in which the royal worshippers may stand or kneel. The palace apartments—as we might imagine from the outside—are almost endless in number (just count the windows that we can see from this one spot); and they are furnished like the most wildly extravagant rooms in the fairy-tales of our childhood. One has a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in elaborate patterns, and walls incrusted with lapis-lazuli. Another has its walls entirely covered with panels of amber curiously cut and carved in high relief. It is a dream of regal recklessness, and sets off in strong contrast the comparatively quiet tastes of the present Czar.

We are becoming so used to the little droschkys as to take them as a matter of course; and really they are indispensable if one wishes to cover the ground quickly. Many of these droschky drivers, as we find, on talking with them, do not own their teams, but have contracts with an employer. They are obliged to pay to him a certain amount each day,—so much for ordinary days, twice as much for festival days; their own share is the difference between this amount paid over and the amount received from patrons. Sometimes they come out badly in balancing the accounts. But they are, for the most part, a good-natured set, and take life as it comes, thankful that hard times are no harder.

42. The Lake and Island in the Imperial Grounds, Tsarskoe Selò.

We have here just one more glimpse of the beautiful park before we go over to the great parade grounds. We could not go without seeing the lake; everybody goes rowing or sailing on the lake. Men are always in readiness to take visitors out without charge, as the guests of the Czar. See that row-boat crossing the lake and almost opposite the monument, with the odd, beak-shaped decorations. Can it be? It looks as if it had for passengers the same children whom we saw only a little while ago, sitting on the bank near that big willow tree, over by the Alexander Palace (Stereograph 40).

That pavilion over at the farther end of the lake is the Alexandrina pavilion, named for a little daughter of Nicholas I who used to go there to feed the swans.

Now if we wish to see something of the military review, we must drive over to Krasnoe Selò, or go by train; for crowds are already assembling to witness the annual display. Every August a review of some forty or fifty thousand troops takes place, beginning with a solemn benediction of the national flags by the Metropolitan. This time, the presence of the French President gives the occasion special distinction.

Turning to our map of the environs of St. Petersburg again we find Krasnoe Selò some ten miles to the west of Tsarskoe Selò. The country round about there is nearly level, and just outside the town a great plain is devoted to military evolutions and manœuvres. A small hill has been artificially constructed as a standpoint for observation, whence the movements of the troops can be seen for a long distance all around.

43. The Czar of Russia at Krasnoe Selò.

It is like being in a gigantic theatre just before the performance begins. There are the regiments yonder, great, solid masses of men, trained to almost mechanical accuracy of movement, waiting for the word of command. This little hill at our left is the one where the observation stand is placed. The French President has just alighted from a carriage at the foot of this slope and—as the guest of honor—escorted the Czarina up the stairs to the pavilion from which they are to watch the manœuvres. (These cords, stretched down to the ground and fastened by tent-pegs, are the guy-ropes of one of the pavilions.) Now the Czar follows with the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, the wife of his uncle the Grand Duke Vladimir; and the movement of the troops will soon begin. The Czar himself is not to stay in the reviewing-stand. He will go down to the field to lead his own regiment, while the Czarina and President Faure and the lesser celebrities look on.

Now let us move off hurriedly to the right, where we can get a better view of the advancing troops.

44. Review of the Russian Troops by the French President.

That is the little hill at whose side we waited to see the Czar pass. He and the Grand Duchess Marie went up those stairs which we now face. You see that pavilion at the right, where two people are standing conspicuously in front of the others? The lady there in the light-colored gown is the Czarina and it is her escort, President Faure, whose coat looks so black in contrast with her airy *chiffons*.

The Czar has already gone galloping by at the head of his

regiment; a magnificent horseman he is, too. And now regiment after regiment is advancing from its place in that black mass we saw a little while ago in the edge of the plain (Stereograph 43), to show off before the first lady of the land and her guest. The Russian soldiers adore the Czar as if he were actually a god in the flesh; and if they do not always adore their officers they often do, and in any case they are disciplined into the most punctilious respect of manner. One odd characteristic of Russian army service is the way in which soldiers are taught to reply in concert, using certain prescribed, formal phrases, when complimented by a superior officer. If a colonel is pleased with the appearance of his men, and says, "Thank you, my children, you have done well," the proper thing, according to Russian military etiquette, is for the privates to respond promptly, with one accord, "We are glad to earn our colonel's approbation."

And don't they have to work to earn approbation! Cavalry men are put through courses of evolutions equal to the most spectacular riding in Colonel Cody's Wild West Show. Infantry men are taught to jump into and across deep ditches, to leap over high bars, to cross streams by walking a narrow rail, to scale smooth walls without ladders,—every sort of circus performance that could possibly come into use in a military campaign. And then, besides, there are corps of scouts, practised in every sort of strategic movements, many of which are far beyond the powers of any ordinary private soldier. In fact, here in Russia the limitations of the private soldier are reached in directions very different from those where our own soldiers' limitations are found. Here the average private is wholly uneducated, and no work involving any reading, writing or consultation of

maps or charts can be entrusted to him. The Russian army is a school with an elaborately varied curriculum.

The uniforms that we see resemble very closely (and one might almost think unfortunately) the uniforms of German soldiers. The prevailing color is dark green, though there are enough touches of grayish blue and dark red, gold and silver, scattered over the field, to lighten and brighten the sombreness of the green. The horses are fine and very well trained.

Still the regiments are advancing, advancing, with more to follow. It is really bewildering to try to watch so many figures, ready to shift and change at any instant. Let us rest our eyes by taking a look at a row of spectators, representatives from various foreign legations in St. Petersburg.

45. Foreign Representatives at the Military Review, Krasnoe Selò.

A good-looking set of men they are, and riding some first-rate horses. It is a curious bit of international courtesy, when we come to think of it, to invite representatives of a dozen foreign nations to inspect Russia's equipment for movements defensive and offensive against other people, themselves potentially included. But the serious side of military affairs cannot be always present to the mind of even a Russian general. Today it is only a gay pageant to which the neighbors are bidden; that is all.

And, in any case, probably there would be representatives of other governments here to see the show, if not in one capacity, then in another. It is an old joke that whenever German troops are being put through their manœuvres the crowd of on-lookers

always includes French observers in citizens' clothes. Indeed, the tale is told that a jocose policeman, endeavoring to clear a crowd out of the way of an advancing body of German cavalry, once called out: "Gentlemen and Messieurs the French officers, please move on!"

46. The Czar, Czarina and President of France Leaving Krasnoe Selò.

Everything comes to an end. The troops have paraded and been put through their paces to everybody's satisfaction. It is time to go.

We have come back, you see, to the convenient spot where we saw the Czar and the Grand Duchess Marie ascending the stairs (Stereograph 43). Here is the Czar once more, after taking his part in the parade, with the lovely woman who shares his throne and their dignified guest from Paris. All three of the great ones look more simple and unpretentious than the officer who follows them down the stairs from the pavilion. The men near us have the right hand lifted in salute; only the fat coachman seems privileged to give both hands as well as his mind to the horses. If a coachman's girth is the measure of his master's importance,—and they told us so in St. Petersburg,—this barrel-shaped Jehu is well fitted for his position. As a matter of fact, a broad expanse of frock like that may include some wadding as well as good orthodox flesh and blood. An effect of dignified corpulence is the elegant end desired.

Now that the troops are out of the way, we can see the immense extent of the level plain used for their evolutions. See how far it stretches away toward those distant masses of trees!

A body of soldiers, detailed for the purpose, keeps the crowd back, so as to give the imperial carriage free room to move away with an effective sweep. The Czar and Czarina and the President will in a moment more be on their way to the special train which takes them back to St. Petersburg, and after a banquet and some minor festivities, the friendly visit of the executive head of the great republic will be brought to a close. Good-night, then, and good-bye to Their Majesties and His Excellency. And may the golden olive branch which M. Faure brought with him presage peace for generations to come!

The significance of the French President's visit must needs be especially emphasized in our minds, from the fact that our own next movement is to be to Moscow, where so many of the old landmarks, at every turn, are associated with the very different sort of visit paid to Russia by Napoleon and his army less than one hundred years ago.

MOSCOW.

St. Petersburg and its environs are full of interest, so full that no one wants to tear himself away but for knowing that other Russian cities have their own charms of their own kinds. But we can have no adequate idea of Russia until we visit the old capital at Moscow, four hundred miles to the south-east. In St. Petersburg everything is comparatively new, since its existence as a city goes back but two hundred years. In Moscow whatever is modern is at the same time overhung by traditions of strange, barbaric peoples who centuries ago fought over the possession of the town, and of old-time rulers whose sway was as relentless and bloody as that of the kings of the old Hebrew stories.

Before the building of railroads, comparatively few foreigners had travelled in Russia. European ideas of the country were generally hazy, but the haze was a golden one. People had heard of the splendors of court life under Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine II, and "Muscovy," a popular name for the imperial dominions, was vaguely regarded as a land of fabulous distances and fabulous riches. When Napoleon in 1812 led the French armies up toward Moscow, the soldiers in imagination saw themselves returning home rich with the rifled store of an Arabian Night's treasure-house. No wonder their hearts beat high as they drew near the city they had heard of all their lives as a centre of semi-Oriental wealth and luxury! We are to see Moscow also.

A word first about the maps. We shall use two at Moscow, a general map of Moscow and a map of the Kremlin or central part of the city. A quick survey of the general map gives a few of the main features of Moscow. The Moskwa river comes from the west and winds in great curves toward the east and south. The Kremlin is situated just north of the second upward bend, and from this point streets extend outward in all directions like spokes in a wheel, while other streets circle about the Kremlin in concentric rings. Away down in the lower left-hand corner of the map are the Sparrow Hills. There we find a circle in red enclosing the number 47, also in red. From a point near this circle two red lines branch out, extending over the city toward the north-east. We are to take our stand first at that point and look out over that section of Moscow which lies between the two lines.

47. From the Sparrow Hills: Napoleon's First View of Moscow.

We can trace a part of the very route taken by the French that disastrous autumn of 1812. It was here, on the crest of the rolling-ground known as the Sparrow Hills, that the invaders caught the first glimpse of the city of their dreams. Domes and towers and spires and roofs were spread out much as we see them now, every dome and roof gilded or silvered or painted in brilliant colors, red and green and blue, like some gorgeous picture-book.

"All this is yours!" exclaimed Napoleon. And the soldiers took up the shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" Poor fellows! Very few of them lived to see Christmas Day.

Can you make out at the extreme right a tall building with a lofty dome standing out against the sky? That, at least, was not here in 1812; it is the great Temple of Our Saviour, built afterwards to commemorate the expulsion of Napoleon's army. We shall find its high roof, by-and-by, a good vantage-point for our own observations. Its location on our general map is a little south-west of the Kremlin.

But our own invasion is a peaceful one; all we want of Moscow just at present is an opportunity to wander about the old streets and see the people come and go about their own affairs. We will go down to the foot of the hill, cross that river, the Moskwa, which we see glimmering through the trees, and then ride on along the country road among those vari-colored fields of grass and grain. We shall pass close by that convent straight ahead, with the tall tower and the dome-capped buildings surrounded by the high, white wall; and just beyond the convent we shall find the Moscow suburbs.

48. Novo Devitchi Convent, near Moscow.

Here we are almost at the convent gates. They told us in St. Petersburg that Moscow is the place to see curious, bulb-like domes, and, sure enough, here they are. Fifteen domes in this one group of buildings,—it is not a bad beginning. See how strange their form is. The dome of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 18, St. Petersburg) was built during the present century by a French architect, and in its proportions and contour is like fine domes in other countries. But these odd, onion-shaped bubbles, set on drums so tall as to amount to cylindric towers,—how strange they are! They remind us of pictures we have

seen of Chinese Tartary; and no wonder they do. We know that a horde of Tartars possessed the land all about here for three hundred years (from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century), and their outlandish modes of architecture remain to tell the tale. Not but that the Russians hated the Tartar conquerors in vigorous mediæval fashion. But, after all, whatever they felt toward the Tartars, the Oriental rage for bulbous domes did please the childlike Muscovites, and they kept up this way of building long after they were free to build in any style they liked.

Look at that wall with the elaborate coping and at the low, castellated towers set in at intervals! They look as if they were intended for military defence once upon a time. What strange, upstart, modern interlopers they must consider this telegraph line that extends along the road, and the street lamps too. Moscow is a place where things ancient and modern are often queerly jumbled together.

The Novo Devitchi (New Maiden's) Convent has stood here ever since 1524. The Poles once burned several of the buildings, but these were restored by Michael, the first Czar of the house of Romanoff. The place has often been a haven of refuge for women during stormy times in the great world outside. Peter the Great sent his brilliant and ambitious sister Sophia here much against her will, near the end of the seventeenth century, when she insisted on being too conspicuous a factor in the government. While he was building St. Petersburg up yonder on the Neva, she was a nun, saying prayers in the chapel here instead of interfering with politics. It would be interesting to know what she really thought about the whole matter, while

she walked about the convent garden. or gave imperious orders to the meek, little novices.

Moscow itself is calling us, and we must push on past the convent, through the outlying streets of the rambling city. The magnificent Temple of Our Saviour is our first objective point. From there we can get the best general view of the Kremlin, our second objective point.

49. Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow.

Still more domes! This is not an old church; it was begun only about sixty years ago by Nicholas I, to commemorate the deliverance of Holy Moscow from the French, but its style was very wisely made to harmonize with the general effect of the other Moscow churches. It is built of native stone, and is really enormously large, though the size does not perhaps impress us at first sight. They say seven thousand people can attend mass here at one time. The older churches in the city (and there are perhaps six hundred of them) almost never show any sculptured decorations. In fact, it has been understood to be contrary to the canons of the Russian Church to use high-relief sculpture in connection with religious structures; but the rule must be relaxing, for the French architect of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg (Stereograph 18) used sculptures freely, wherever he wanted them for decorative purposes, and here on this Temple we find Russian artists doing essentially the same thing,—with good effect, too. That continuous band or frieze of sculptured figures, extending around the building between the upper and lower windows, certainly contributes a great deal towards the beauty

of the whole. The construction of this church out of stone is an exceptional thing for Moscow. This region has little building-stone of its own, and brick and wood are much more commonly used, often overlaid with stucco. These curved gables, pinched in sharply at the line of the ridge-pole, are constructive forms that Russia delights to use; and the long, plain, easily traceable vertical lines of the principal wall supports are characteristically Russian, too.

The domes of this church are literally covered with gold; sheets of actual gold-leaf were applied to their entire surface, and the gilding alone cost three-quarters of a million dollars. When they set out to do a thing in Russia, they do it. The scenes from the Bible and the New Testament, which cover the walls of the temple, were painted by the celebrated Russian painters Makovsky, Semiravsky, Prianishnikoff, Repin and others. The window frames are made of bronze, each frame weighing two-and-a-half tons. The image of the God of Sabaoth on the inside of the dome is probably the largest figure ever painted—the stretch of arms, from point to point, is forty-nine feet. The figure of Jesus is seven feet in height.

That must be a girls' boarding-school out for a walk. Perhaps the vigilant *chaperone* is taking her flock home from some service in the church. Young girls are always attractive, and it would be interesting to see these more closely if we could. All the world was reading a few years ago the school-girl diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, the beautiful and gifted Russian artist who did such good work in Paris and died so young. Is there another Marie here, maybe, dreaming ambitious dreams of art and fame, falling

in love and falling out again, speculating about life and death and immortality, and frankly admiring her own image in the bed-room mirror?

The best place from which to get general views of the city, including our view of the Kremlin as a whole, is that railed-in space on the top of the main building, around the base of the dome. We will go up there for our outlook after we have visited the inside of the church.

50. The Altar, Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow.

Here again, as in the Peter and Paul Cathedral at St Petersburg (Stereograph 27), we see no statues of sacred personages, but always pictures instead. Their subjects are much like those in the Latin (Roman Catholic) churches with which we are familiar; saints, martyrs, patriarchs and prophets. Some of these paintings about the high altar are by Verestschagin, the famous Russian, several of whose works were exhibited in America a few years ago and made a great impression on the public.

This structure here before us, a bewildering *façade* of marble, colors, gold and silver, is the *ikonostasis,* or sacred screen, which stands in front of the actual altar, shielding that from the gaze of the people. During service the officiating priests come and go through those beautifully carved doors in the centre of the screen, doors costing thousands of dollars, a mass of precious metals wrought by the most skillful workmen. Candles and lamps of holy oil are both devoted here to the honor of God and the saints; see, some candles stand on tall candlesticks, some at the

right, before the picture of the Virgin and Child, fill a hanging chandelier. At each side wing of the *ikonostasis* a lamp swings by long chains.

Close by us at the right, just outside the chancel rail, near the large picture of the Virgin and Child, we can see an *ikon* that is a special favorite. Five tall candles stand before it, and many are the hearty prayers offered up by devout worshippers who come here with their confessions and petitions.

We see here, even more conspicuously than when we were looking at the street signs, how beautifully decorative Russian letters are.

The inscription above this huge, painted figure of the prophet, on the wall at the right, is as beautiful as any arabesque pattern; and the vertical band of lettering at the left of the prophet repeats the same ornamental effect. Truly, Russian designers have admirable material at hand in the very alphabet itself.

Now for the place on the roof we saw surrounded by the gilded railing when we were out in the street (Stereograph 49). There we will take time to look about us at our leisure.

51. "Holy Moscow," Looking North from the Temple of Our Saviour.

This is the newer, modern part of the city. See! It stretches away as far as the eye can reach, buildings and trees, gay-colored roofs, with gilded domes blossoming here and there all over the scene like tall-stemmed flowers. The population of this place is over 900,000, so the books say, and it is a prosperous manu-

facturing city. All the principal railroads in the empire centre here. St. Petersburg may continue to be the political centre of Russia, but Moscow is steadily increasing in industrial and commercial importance. Though she possesses some of the most curious antiquities in the empire, she herself is far from falling asleep. On the contrary, she is very much awake and at work, and means to have all the modern improvements worth having. See the telegraph wires and the electric-light poles down there in the street! And public libraries are another sign of modern ideals in living; Moscow has her public library too. Look at this low, corner building at our feet, with the gable roof and the curving front! Just beyond it we see a square, two-storied building with a balustrade around the roof. Beyond that, on the corner of a cross street, is another two-storied building with an entrance door in the middle. Now look almost straight beyond that, just a bit to the left, and you see a tall building with a heavy cornice crowning its light-colored walls, and a cupola above, surrounded by columns arranged in pairs. That is the public library and museum, once the palace of a noble Russian family. We shall see it nearer by-and-by.

Let us turn to our map for a minute now. Finding the Temple of Our Saviour again, south-west of the Kremlin, we see two red lines branching out from it toward the north, each having the number 51 at its extremity on the map margin. We have been looking just now over that part of the city which these lines include.

From the opposite side of the Temple of Our Saviour two other red lines branch out, one toward the east, the other toward the south-east. Each line has the number 52 at its extremity

on the map margin. We are to look now over the part of Moscow between these lines.

52. Moscow, "The Pride of the Czars," Looking South-east from the Temple of Our Saviour.

Did you think Moscow seemed a large city, looking over it towards the north? But it extends quite as far, you see, in other directions. There are nearly a thousand streets in Moscow; and as for the churches, some say there are over four hundred, some say six hundred. We are ready to believe any figures offered to us, in the face of this forest of towers and domes. If we try to count those in plain sight, we shall probably get lost in a very few minutes.

What a beautiful river the Moskwa is, with those clear reflections of the buildings opposite. It is about as large and as crooked as the Seine at Paris. And does it not give one a bewildering sense of the remoteness of people from each other, to think that in these streets and shops and houses, as far as the eye can reach, there are thousands on thousands of people busy about their own affairs, to whom our whole western world is only a vague name. "In what district of Russia is America?" asks an old soldier. "Is America near Berlin?" politely inquires our droschky driver. It is good for our personal and national vanity to learn once in a while how contentedly people can live without knowing the things we know, or caring for the things we care for. At the same time we must probably admit that to the average American or Englishman Russia is only a vague name.

In the distance we are looking towards the vast, open country comprising southern eastern Russia;—towards Central Asia;—towards China.

On the map two red lines are found extending from the Temple of Our Saviour towards the north-east. The lower line extends to the margin, and has the number 53 at the end; the upper line extends only as far as the Kremlin, showing that the sweep of vision is obstructed in that direction by the Kremlin. We can now see with our own eyes whether that is so.

53. The Moskwa River and the Shimmering Spires of Holy Moscow.

Ah, there it is, the Kremlin, the storied centre of the city, the heart of it, that Napoleon meant to make his own! It is a triangular-shaped enclosure, within a high, rosy-white wall. There is a bit of the wall straight ahead, at our left, coming towards the river as far as that stone tower with the conical roof; then turning and running down beside the river to another tower at the bend in the river. There the wall makes another corner, and runs off once more to the left (north-west) out of sight. It is no kind of fortress now; that wall would amount to nothing in modern warfare, though it did withstand some fierce attacks by the Poles and Lithuanians in the middle ages. But Moscow is wise to retain the old wall and keep the ancient citadel looking as nearly as possible like its old self in the days before electricity and railroads.

The most picturesque and fascinating spots in all Moscow are within or near those Kremlin walls. We can see several of the most famous landmarks from here. It will help us to get a better idea of the location of these landmarks if we study the special map of the Kremlin also. The tallest of the

towers is the bell-tower of Ivan (Ivan Véliky),* and the dome-crowned building at this side of the Tower is the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael (Cath. Arkh.). We shall go nearer and get closer views of both by-and-by. The great, three-storied building next to the Archangel Cathedral is the Imperial Palace (Gr. Palais), a fine building in its way, but not old enough to accumulate much history, for it was built only about 1850. The former palace, full to the roof of reminiscences, was burned during the occupation of the city by the French troops in 1812.

Turning to our general map of Moscow again, we find two more red lines branching out from the Temple towards the north-east. Both of these lines extend to the margin and have the number 54 at their extremities. In looking out between these two lines we shall be able to look over the heart of the Kremlin.

54. "'Tis the Kremlin Wall; 'tis Moscow, the Jewel of the Czars."

Here we get an admirable view of the main part of the Kremlin, all that we were unable to see in our former position.

Let us see how many points we can identify, aided again by the Kremlin map.

The shadows, stretching away from under us, as we stand on the Temple roof. They are, of course, those of the Temple itself. We recognize the shadow of the bulb-shaped dome of one of its four smaller towers (see Stereograph 49). The busy street that leads away in a graceful curve just in front of us

* There are so many variations in the spelling of Russian names that we shall use English equivalents in the text and add the names given on our maps in parentheses.

is the one bordering the beautiful Moskwa and following its winding course. Some of the wagons are making a sharp turn off the street toward the right. They are about crossing the bridge we just admired (Stereograph 53). Following the main street around its course past that park, full of green trees, we come to the corner of the Kremlin wall, marked by its round tower with a conical top, the same tower which we have already seen.

Now let your eye run along to the left (north-west) from this tower, and trace the battlemented line of the wall rising between two masses of trees till you come to another tower, a darker, square tower, with small, fortress-like windows and a steeple-shaped roof. This marks an opening in the wall known as the Borovitski Gate (Porte Borovitkiia). Still farther to the left (north-east), beyond that fine park, is yet another of the old gates, the Troitsky, or Trinity Gate (Porte Troitskiia). It was here that the greater part of the French army entered the city in 1812. Napoleon, after viewing the city, as we did, from the Sparrow Hills (Stereograph 47), advanced and halted just outside the town, expecting the keys of the city to be submissively brought out to him. But no one appeared. Then the army came on and, pouring through the Trinity and Borovitsky Gates there before us, found, to their amazement, that the Russians had not stayed to surrender, but had simply abandoned the great city, leaving the gates open, as who should say: *Enter if you think it best!* It was an ominous reception, but the French soldiery still had their minds full of visions of plunder, and thought not very far ahead.

Beyond the Troitsky Gate the Kremlin Wall extends still

farther north-east, enclosing the Arsenal (that long pile of light-colored buildings is the Arsenal), and then running into another round tower with a conical roof, very like this first one on the corner near us. At the farther round tower, the wall makes a sharp angle and runs south-east, but that, of course, we cannot see from here. We shall go around later to that farther side of the wall, for there are some particularly interesting things to see over there.

But now what can we make out within the walled enclosure? Coming back to the nearest round tower at the curve of this street and looking just beyond it, we see again the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, and the tall tower of Ivan beyond it to the left. That is, of course, the Palace, just this side of the Ivan Tower. The building to the left of the Palace is the Royal Treasury (Orotjeinaïo Palata).

When the French made their entry, Napoleon took up his residence, conqueror-fashion, in the great Palace. But no sooner were the troops fairly inside the city than fires, which the Russians had intentionally kindled, burst out in a dozen different places, and the invaders were forced to move from one part of the city to another, fighting these fires. (It is almost a miracle that the Archangel Cathedral and the Ivan Tower were spared by the flames. The Palace and the Treasury adjoining it were destroyed and afterwards rebuilt as we see them now.) It was after four days of this wretched attempt at occupying the city that Napoleon proposed to Field-Marshal Kutuzoff the making of a treaty of peace. Kutuzoff refused, saying that the Czar Alexander was but just getting ready to begin operations. No treaty would be signed as long as a Frenchman remained in the

land! The French lingered and delayed four weeks longer, and then began that frightfully disastrous retreat, one of the greatest military tragedies in modern history.

We remember seeing in St. Petersburg the Alexander Column, raised to commemorate the defeat of the invasion (Stereograph 12). And this is the very spot where Napoleon had believed he was going to seize Russia by the throat! Doesn't it make the historic story a thousand times more real, now that we see the very gates and buildings around which the tragedy centred?

Now let us go down from our lofty station on the church roof and cross the bridge which we saw a few minutes ago (Stereograph 53), to the south of the Moskwa, to get still another view of the little, walled heart of the old town. We will pass along the river towards the east until we come to a point just beyond the cathedrals and the tall bell-tower. The map of the Kremlin must be used now; that gives our position and shows we are to look somewhat north of west.

55. The Kremlin, Moscow. "There lie our ancient Czars, asleep."

This is good! Now we can see the wall much nearer and get a better idea of its impressive height, by comparing it with the men and horses in the street below. This is the southern side of the Kremlin. One, two, three towers are set in the wall just opposite where we stand, but only the left-hand one of the three seems to afford entrance. That is the Tainitski Gate (Porte Tainitskiia). The tall bell-tower (Ivan Véliky) looks taller than ever as we approach it closer. It is really three

hundred and twenty-five feet to the summit of that gilt cross above its dome. And have we three of those dome-capped cathedrals between the bell-tower and the palace? Even so. The churches in Moscow are as thick as buttercups in a field. From our station on the top of the Church of Our Saviour we could see clearly only the central one of these three churches,—that of the Archangel Michael (Cath. Arkh.).

At St. Petersburg (Stereograph 27) we saw the tombs of the emperors since Peter the Great. Here in the Cathedral of Michael are buried the older Czars, before Peter's day, forty-seven of them. Twice a year a religious service is held there, and prayers are made for the forgiveness of "that burden of sins voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown," which the dead princes committed while they were on earth.

But how magnificent they were while they walked the earth! Each heir-apparent when he in turn became Czar has held practically absolute sway over millions of subjects, the autocrat of their secular destiny and the visible Head of their Church. And you know it is in that Cathedral of the Assumption (Cath. Ousp.), standing between the Cathedral of Michael and the tall bell-tower, that each new Czar, since Ivan the Terrible in the sixteenth century, has been crowned and invested with his enormous authority. It was in that very cathedral that the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1894 became Czar Nicholas II, the arbiter of the fate of one hundred and thirty million people, and the master of one-seventh of all the land upon this globe. Such a coronation service is splendid and solemn at the same time. It is preceded, on the Emperor's part, by fasting and religious meditation. He publicly recites the creed of the Russian

Church, prays for the Empire, and then himself places the crown upon his own head to signify his taking on the vast responsibilities of imperial rule.

You notice that third church standing between the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Palace? That is the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Cath. Blagor.). It is there that most of the Czars have been baptized and married. When the French occupied the Kremlin in 1812, they stabled some of their horses in this church to show their contempt for all things Russian. But, alas, for their short-lived pride! Many of those same elegant French officers were glad to eat horse-flesh to stay the pangs of deadly hunger, during their fearful march homeward through cold and carnage.

The most characteristically Russian of all buildings in the country are probably this group before which we are standing. From an architectural standpoint, they undoubtedly have a great many faults; they seem to own a sort of cousinship to the work of Byzantine builders, and yet they lack the dignified simplicity and well-harmonized proportions of the Byzantine work. They have a strong flavor of the Orient,—we can feel an Eastern influence in those many hued, gilded and silvered domes; and yet these buildings are not full-blooded offspring of Tartar taste, for every dome bears its cross, in token of the faith of the Nazarene. Every interior is planned for the worship of the Trinity. Greece and Tartary have evidently both contributed to the shaping of these strange architectural fantasies, but the result cannot be called anything but Russian. It would be interesting to see whether a good architect today could produce anything really sensible, strong and beautiful, using these puzzling bits of

native building for a text, and trying to solve his practical problems of modern need in terms of ancient form and color.

But the newer Russian architecture is, as a matter of fact, almost entirely abandoning the childlike tastes of earlier generations and adopting more or less commonplace European ideals instead. We saw that in St. Petersburg. It is as if the people of a certain district were to give up all at once the possibly uncouth but certainly striking costumes of their ancestors, and henceforward wear only ready-made clothing of the current year's cut. The Palace, that large building next west (to the left) from the Cathedral of the Annunciation, is an instance in point. Nicholas I built it in its present form after the old palace had been burned during the French occupancy. It is an enormous rambling structure (we see from here only a part of one end), containing some 700 rooms; but the exterior is not at all impressive or beautiful. New Russia, modern Russia, has not yet waked up to a realizing sense of what she might do with her national architecture.

Meanwhile, we are at liberty to enjoy these extraordinary creations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more like clumps of outlandish flowers in bloom than like Christian churches, according to our own Western notions. We are to enter the Kremlin enclosure and study some of those buildings near at hand.

There are, as we have seen, various gates by which we might enter the Kremlin; but one of these has special significance and interest even more than the others. We will choose that for our place of entry.

This gate, the Spaski Gate (Porte Spasskiia), is in the east-

ern wall of the Kremlin, farther to our right than we can here see. Our Kremlin map shows that the south-east corner of the wall is not far beyond the limit of vision on our right. We will move on along the street in which we have been, on the right bank of the river, and cross a bridge, the Pont Moskvorestsky, to the east, bringing us out just east of the Kremlin. At this corner the wall turns at almost a right angle, as we see on the map again, and runs nearly straight north to the Spaski Gate. We will pause near the wall, about one-eighth of a mile from the gate, and look north towards it.

56. The Kremlin Wall and Tower of the Sacred Gate, Moscow.

Here we are right under the Kremlin Wall, as we pass up the street towards the gate with its tall clock-tower.

Moscow is a city of bewildering extremes. Just as the convent prison of Czar Peter's sister (Stereograph 48) was flanked by telegraph lines and street lamps, so extremes of wealth and poverty meet too. Immense fortunes are accumulated and spent here in Moscow, and yet there are vast numbers of the people who live in the most abject poverty. The same facts exist in our own American cities too, but here the picturesque setting of the facts emphasizes them in a stranger's eyes.

That building we see in the distance, at the extreme right, is a part of the Great Bazaar where people with plenty of money to spend go shopping. Here on the bank beside the Kremlin Wall is quite another sort of institution, a market for second-hand clothes and other cheap household stuffs. Probably you do not care to make any purchases here just at present, so we

will go on up the hill to where the gate leads from the Red Square, by the Bazaar, into the enclosure of the Kremlin.

57. Spaski Vorota, Sacred Gate of the Kremlin.

Now that we have reached this point opposite the gate, we find it looks like a large and gloomy church, its high square walls decorated in semi-Gothic fashion. People come and go through that cavernous passageway that opens just before us. In a few minutes we will go through ourselves; but they and we, and everyone that passes through, even the Czar himself, must go with uncovered head the length of the passageway until the open is reached on the farther side. They say that Napoleon, when he was here, scornfully declined to follow the old custom, but Heaven would not suffer his intended disrespect. A sudden gust of September wind took that famous cocked hat and sent it whirling down the street. He did pass through uncovered after all!

The reason for this religiously kept observance is the presence of the *ikon* or holy picture of the Redeemer hung there over the doorway. It is an old *ikon* which has for centuries been credited with specially conspicuous powers of miracle-working. As the story goes, some impious Tartars—away back in the old times when Russia was harassed by their invasions—tried to tear it down, but every ladder they used broke in the using, and they gave up the attempt. The Russian army carried it with them as a supernatural aid when they were at war with Poland in the early part of the seventeenth century, and with its help they succeeded in capturing Smolensk. When Napoleon was here the French soldiers tried to demolish it with cannon shot, but

at first their powder proved to be not in working condition, and then when they did touch off their gun with some effect, the effect was not what they intended; for the charge exploded their gun and left the *ikon* unharmed.

The death penalty is now all but abolished in Russia; but two and three hundred years ago, when indeed all Europe regarded public executions as salutary object-lessons, Russian monarchs were relentless in the severity of the punishments meted out to offenders. Many have been the ghastly scenes that took place in the Red Square (Place Krasnaïa), extending off to the right from where we stand. Ivan the Terrible, in the sixteenth century, had hundreds of rebellious subjects put to death here in the enforced presence of crowds of terrified spectators. Even so late as the time of Peter the Great, horrible spectacles took place here. Insurrections had broken out in certain divisions of the army, and Peter believed these were encouraged by his sister Sophia. The princess he promptly shut up in the Novo Devitchi convent (Stereograph 48), but the rebels themselves were beheaded without mercy near this gate, their heads being fastened along the top of the Kremlin wall as a warning to soldiers and citizens. Very likely, many of the condemned said their last prayers here before the picture at this gate.

Historical reminiscences make this really not a cheerful place in which to linger, even though the bright mid-day sunshine does flood the square, and the shifting throng of teamsters, droschky drivers, errand boys and all sorts of peaceful citizens seems to indicate that life goes on cheerfully enough just now.

Let us go in through the gate to see the sights of the Kremlin itself, not forgetting the rule about bared heads. If we should forget, any one of these Russians will hasten to admonish us. The rule simply must be obeyed, or the heavens may fall. Very well. If that bit of ceremony is the fee required for entrance into the charmed precinct we will pay it readily, for there is nothing which so makes us want to enter any given place as the putting of a high wall around it. The only hint we get here of what there is on the other side is the gleaming dome of one of the Kremlin buildings surmounted by its glittering cross. The map shows that we shall stand next inside the Kremlin Wall and look back (north) to this gate and the church beyond it.

58. Voznesenski Devitchi (Ascension Convent), Ancient Burial-Place of Czarinas and Princesses.

Now we have passed through the gate (that is the door yonder, through which we came) and are in the Czar's Square, within the enclosure of the Kremlin. It was the dome of this old convent (Convent Vozness.) that we saw from the Red Square outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57).

From this nearer point we can see more plainly the details of the dome, and notice the gilded chains that extend from the trefoil-shaped ends of the arms of the cross down to the top of the dome. That decorative use of chains is characteristically Russian. We shall see it again on other ecclesiastical buildings. Do you notice that oddly elaborated cross on the dome over behind (and away to the left of) this entrance portion of the convent? See, it has three cross-pieces, growing gradually narrower toward the top, and it is fixed in the concave side of a

gilded crescent. This sort of combination of cross and crescent is characteristically Russian too. It has often been explained as a reminiscence of the old occupancy of Russia by the Tartars; the crescent was a favorite emblem of that Asiatic people, and travellers in Russia are often given to understand that the planting of a cross on a crescent is a Russian symbol of the victory of their own Christian religion over the Mohammedan faith of their eastern invaders; but, more likely, the crescent was originally used here as a symbol of the Virgin, and the planting of the cross on the crescent was meant as a reminder of the miracle of the Nativity.

When they tell us that this Ascension Convent was founded by a pious Czarina in the fourteenth century, we guess at once that this elegantly elaborate building fronting on the square must be a rebuilt structure. The original buildings were partly burned in one of the dreadful fires that have swept over the Kremlin, and this portion, among others, was put up less than a hundred years ago. That accounts for its queerly mixed style, a compound of Byzantine and perpendicular Gothic. The convent is really a very large establishment, including two churches and large court-yards, besides the buildings where the nuns live. That gate-way next the end of this white-walled building —the one with the beautiful, lace-like *grille* over the door— leads into the convent court-yard. There are nuns in this convent today keeping up practically the same life of religious devotion which the Princess Eudoxia led five hundred years ago, when she retired from the cares and complications of a royal career to say her prayers and take care of the sick poor. Ever since Eudoxia's day the convent has been to Russian women a

haven of refuge from the turbulent outside world, and many princesses who never resorted to it during their lives were given the hospitality of tombs after their death. It was not until after Peter the Great had transferred his own affections to St. Petersburg and established the precedent of using the fortress cathedral there as a place of burial (Stereograph 27) that the use of this convent chapel for the resting-place of the Czarinas came to an end.

All this time we have been standing with our backs toward some of the most interesting features of the Kremlin. Let us turn directly about. The map of the Kremlin shows what our position will then be.

59. Tower of Ivan the Great and Cathedral of the Archangel Michael.

Here we are in the midst of that wonderful group of buildings that we were studying a little while ago from a point over on the right bank of the Moskwa River (Stereograph 55). The wall and the river below it are now away at our left. This is the same bell-tower (Ivan Véliky) which we saw from the roof of the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereographs 53-54), but now we are near enough to see the bells in several of the successive stories. Bells? This end of the Czar's Square is full of them. The tower and the tall building adjoining it make a nest of bells, thirty-four in all; and there, straight ahead of us, on the ground at the foot of the tower is *the* bell of all, the one that used to be pictured in our school-books, the Great Bell of Moscow!

The tower is one of the most beautiful buildings we have yet seen in Russia,—dignified and simple, beautifully proportioned. How much more pleasant it is to the eye on account of the differences between the different stories, though they harmonize well and make one strong, consistent whole! The lower story is the most solid, with those narrow loop-holes of windows that help give it its serious, substantial look, as if it might last forever. Then the arcaded portion above gives airiness, and makes beautiful contrasts of light and shade where the windows alternate with solid wall space. And just see how each successive story, marked off by horizontal bands of sculptured moulding, leads our eye gradually higher and higher and higher, making us feel the whole height more than we should if the upward trend were all in a few unbroken vertical lines. Besides, the horizontal mouldings make something more for the sunlight to play with, laying soft bands of shadow around the eight-sided shaft and making lovely varieties of light and dark to please our eye. It is not often we have a chance to actually admire the form of the older Russian buildings. Generally we enjoy their queerness and quaintness and story-book suggestiveness, but cannot honestly regard them as things of beauty. All the more we are grateful for the Ivan Tower. Somebody had a fine eye for beauty in construction. The names of the Czar Boris and the Czarevitch (crown prince) Theodore are inscribed as the builders on one of those encircling bands away up at the top of the tower just under the dome; but it is the name of the fifteenth-century architect, Ivan (John), that has clung to it.

Here is a bit of variety in Moscow domes. The four smaller domes on the roof of the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael

(Cath. Arkh.) are not bulb-shaped at all, but hemispherical, as they might be anywhere else outside Russia. Their gilded surfaces make a dazzling contrast with the white-washed walls of the church. Curiously enough, the oldest buildings in Moscow do not show the signs of age that we are accustomed to see in other parts of Europe. There are no "ivy-mantled towers" here, and as soon as a wall or a dome changes color from time and weather, the Russians, who love bright, new, gay things, hasten to re-paint, re-whiten, re-silver and re-gild. Though Holy Moscow has been the scene of battles and sieges innumerable, every time the ravages have been repaired and the old structures made as fine as ever in all their bravery of gilding and color.

It would be interesting to go inside the Cathedral of the Archangel, and see the tombs of the old Czars. Each one was Lord of the Earth while he lived. Ivan the Terrible, the monarch who ordered many of the dreadful executions outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57), was, if traditions are true, a prince as ferocious as the giants in fairy stories. A man one day brought him a letter from a Russian prince who had deserted to the Poles. Ivan thrust a sharp-pointed staff through the wretched messenger's foot, pinning him to the ground, and held him there while he read the letter of his absconding vassal. Dreadful tales of all sorts are told of Czar Ivan IV, and yet the very fact that he was their Czar and that he drove out the hated Tartars from the land, makes the Russian people forgive his ferocity. There is an old song about his funeral:—

> "All the warrior people assembled to pray to God in the Cathedral; there was a new coffin made of cypress-wood; in the coffin lies the orthodox Czar, the orthodox Czar Ivan Vasilievitch the Terrible. At his head lies the life-giving cross; by the cross lies the imperial

crown; at his feet lies the terrible sword; around the coffin burn the holy lights; in front of the coffin stand all the priests and patriarchs—they read, they pray, they repeat the valediction to the dead, to our orthodox Czar, our Czar Ivan Vasilievitch the Terrible."

It would be interesting to visit the Chudof (miracle) Monastery (Conv. Tchoudov), whose columned *façade* is here at our right. When the French occupied the city, Marshal Davoust, it is said, used the High Altar of this Monastery Church for his bed-room. It was a brief season that Napoleon's men had here, but they held all sorts of unholy revelry while it lasted.

Since we have come so near to that old friend of our childhood, the Great Bell, suppose we cross the Square and go quite close to it. A good place to examine it will be at the farther side of the bell at the left of the tower, for on that side are the broken place and the fragment that dropped out long, long ago. We are now looking south; we shall then be looking north.

60. The King of Bells, Weighing 200 Tons, the Great Bell of Moscow.

And this is the Great Bell of which we have so often heard. We know all about it as it stands here now on its pedestal in the square. It is 26 feet in height, almost 68 in circumference, and it weighs 200 tons. It is the largest bell in all the world, and it bears portrait representations of the Czar Alexis and the Empress Anne. The intention was, it is said, to hang it in the Great Cathedral, but it fell while being hoisted, and the piece we see here was broken out. Tradition says it was cast early in the seventeenth century, in the reign of the Czar Boris, who built the beautiful tower (the same Boris who established

serfdom), and afterwards successively recast by Alexis and Anne; but nobody seems to be quite sure where or how. For at least a hundred years it had lain here broken and half buried in the earth, until Nicholas I in 1836 had it dug up and placed on the pedestal where it is now. It is a monument to somebody's ambition; the greatest bell on earth; we can only guess at the enormous volume of its sound when it was rung. If only it could tell its own story! But it rests here, a pathetically dumb and disabled giant, nonchalantly climbed upon through the day by these street boys and impertinently eyed at night by these upstart modern gas lamps that stand staring about the Square. How are the mighty fallen!

Just a moment before we turn to the tower at our left. See those further variations of the cross that are displayed on the domes of the Chudof Monastery on the farther side of the Square at the left. The simple Greek cross (with four equal arms) is a favorite form in Russia, but ecclesiastical decorations include a great number of variations of both the Greek and the familiar Latin form. Here is another instance close at hand in the top of the Great Bell,—a Greek cross with rays partially filling in the space between the arms.

Now that we are at the very foot of the tower, wouldn't it be interesting to climb to the top as Napoleon did, and look out over Holy Moscow? It will be worth our while. Let us make our way, then, up three hundred and forty-two steps among the bells, and look toward the north-east. Only the general map of Moscow locates our new field of view. Two red lines will be found branching out from the Kremlin with the number 61 at the end of each on the map margin.

61. Holy Moscow, from the Tower of Ivan the Great.

How tiny the people look, down in the Square where we were only a few minutes ago! The droschky horses look like the rats and mice that drew Cinderella's pumpkin-shell coach. Yes, we recognize the nearest landmarks off at the east. The building just at our feet, with the columns guarding its curved front, is the Chudof Monastery, the columned *façade* of which we caught a glimpse away to our right (Stereograph 59), and again we saw this face of the Monastery to our right when looking at the Great Bell (Stereograph 60). We remember well that white building next beyond the Monastery, with the great dome and the curious, steeple-shaped ornaments on the roof, like stacks of corn in a field; that is the Ascension Convent, the first building we studied after we came inside the Kremlin (Stereograph 58); in fact, the one whose dome peeped over the wall at us while we were standing outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57).

There is the Sacred Gate itself, or at least its tower-shaped top with the clock-face. And there is the Kremlin Wall running off to the right from the Sacred Gate. It was over at the other side of that wall that we lingered by the market booths (Stereograph 56). And what of that fantastic building just opposite at the right (south) of the Sacred Gate and beyond the wall? That is St. Basil's Church (Egl. Vas. Blaj. on the map). They told us that Moscow is continually re-painting her gay and gilded roofs, and here we find her in the process. St. Basil's Church is almost covered just now with scaffolding, for the freshening of all those queer onion and pineapple-shaped domes with which it blossoms. It is the strangest conglomeration of

shapes that ever an architect conceived,—with its eleven domes, each one seemingly more fanciful in shape than all the rest, and all painted in gay colors, gilded and silvered or sprinkled with glittering stars.

When Napoleon looked down at it, as we are looking now, he took it for some old Tartar structure and issued orders for "that mosque" to be destroyed; but in some way or other the instructions were neglected, so St. Basil's shrine is standing to this day; indeed, it is being mended and furbished up, as we see, in readiness for still longer life. The St. Basil whom it commemorates is not the famous old church father, but a local saint of Ivan's day.

We get a good idea here of the eastern extent of the whole city as it stretches off beyond the Kremlin. We have already looked north over the city from the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 51), south from the same point (Stereograph 52), and last over a part of the same district which we see now (Stereograph 53). These outlooks, put together, give us a pretty good idea of the size of the city. The distance across the whole city is from six to nine miles, according to the direction taken, and it includes about a thousand streets, housing a population equal to that of Brooklyn.

We ought to get one closer view of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and to do this we must go down once more the stairs of the Ivan Tower, and pass around to the other (west) side. You remember how, when we looked at these buildings from over across the river (Stereograph 55), the Assumption Cathedral seemed to stand in behind and between the Tower and the Cathedral of Michael. The Kremlin map shows that we are to look at it from the south.

62. Cathedral of the Assumption.

It is a wonderful object-lesson in tolerance to visit these old churches and try to realize their point of view. To the orthodox Russian, his church is the one true descendant from the little Galilean band who learned their lore of Christ; all the rest of the world are wanderers and wayfarers, strayed far from the true fold.

How different this Russian *façade* is from the sculptured cathedrals of Western Europe! Everything of a decorative sort is flat, or nearly flat, the holy figures of saints and martyrs, patriarchs and prophets being partly painted and partly represented in metal. The colored figures of the saints around and above the doorway shine out with double conspicuousness in contrast with the severely plain, whitewashed walls in which they are set. These pictures and the beautifully gilded domes together certainly make this church singularly impressive, in spite of the expanses of commonplace whitewash.

We can see plainly here another instance of the use of gilded chains hanging from the arms of the crosses high in air and coming down to the domes below. And do not those narrow loop-holes of windows suggest that there must be inside a particularly dim religious light?

The building beyond the high fence on our extreme right is the Chudof Monastery of which we have caught glimpses several times already.

Between the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Great Palace, we saw, when we were over at the other side of the river (Stereograph 55), the Cathedral of the Annunciation with a staircase in front (Cath. Blagov. on the map).

63. Cathedral of the Annunciation.

We find ourselves now at the foot of the staircase where we can look up at the fanciful little church with its nine domes symbolic of the nine celestial hierarchies, and its towers and scalloped gables. This is the church where almost all the Czars have been married with great state and ceremony. There was an old church here as far back as the thirteenth century, but this particular building is largely the work of Ivan the Terrible. It does not look as if it were even so old as Ivan's day, but that is because of the Russian fondness for renovating old buildings, painting and gilding their age out of sight.

One of the famous *ikons* belonging to this church is a picture of the Virgin which has worked miracles similar to those of the *ikon* of the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57). Czar Dimitri carried it with him in 1380 when he went to fight the Tartars on the banks of the Don, and its presence helped him gain a famous victory at the battle of Kulikovo. The wife of Dimitri was the Princess Eudoxia, she who founded the Voznesenski Convent (Stereograph 58) over beside the Sacred Gate. There is an old Russian song which tells of a prophetic vision appearing to Dimitri while he was attending service here:—

> "In the holy Cathedral of the Annunciation S. Cyprian the metropolitan was singing the mass, and Prince Dimitri was assisting with his princess, Eudoxia, with his princes and boyars, with his famous captains.
>
> "Suddenly Prince Dimitri ceased to pray; he leaned against a pillar; he was suddenly rapt in spirit; his spiritual eyes were opened; he had a strange vision.
>
> "He no longer saw the candles burning before the *ikons;* he no longer heard the music of the sacred choirs; it was the wild country, the battlefield of Kulikovo which he saw. It was sown with the corpses of Christians and Tartars—the bodies of the Christians like melting wax, the bodies of the Tartars like black pitch.

"On this field of Kulikovo the holy Mother of God was walking. Behind her were the angels of the Saviour, the angels and the holy archangels with burning tapers; they sang holy songs over the relics of the orthodox warriors. . . .

"And the Mother of God asked: 'Where is the Prince Dimitri?' And the Apostle Peter answered her: 'The Prince Dimitri is in the town of Moscow. . . . He is hearing the liturgy with his Princess Eudoxia, with his princes and boyars, with his famous captains.'

"Then the Mother of God said: 'The Prince Dimitri is not in his place; he should be leading the choirs of the martyrs; but as for his Princess, her place is in my flock.'

"Then the vision vanished. The candles were burning in the church, the precious stones sparkled upon the altars. Dimitri came to himself, wept abundantly, and spoke thus:

"'Know that the hour of my death is at hand; soon I shall be laid in the coffin and my Princess will take the veil.'"

And now in the Cathedral of the Archangel, only a few rods away, Dimitri's body lies buried, while a little farther away in the Ascension Convent by the gate, are the relics of Eudoxia, the good Czarina who became a saint after her death.

After all, the Kremlin, while it includes palaces and churches, convents and monasteries, was originally the acropolis or citadel of Moscow. Its walls were constructed for military defence; and in the days when fighting was done by archers instead of musketeers and artillery, they served fairly well at one time and another against the fierce inroads of Tartars and Poles.

At the north end of the Kremlin stands the Arsenal; we saw one side of it, a low, light-colored structure, north of the Borovitski and Troitski Gates, when we first surveyed the citadel from the roof of the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 54). Find on the Kremlin map the Arsenal, in the northern part of the Kremlin enclosure, and note that we are to stand next near its south-eastern corner and look north along its eastern wall.

64. The Great Czar Cannon, Kremlin Arsenal, Moscow.

In the open square before the Arsenal there are ranged nearly nine hundred cannon captured at different times from enemies on Russian soil; and, as if to still remind them that Russia is their master, this enormous gun stands guard at the corner of the building. It was cast in 1586, during the reign of Feodore I, and weighs nearly forty tons. Energetic Peter the Great, in the course of his national house-cleaning, melted up and recast most of the cannon made before his own day, but he took a fancy to spare this one giant for the wondering admiration of future citizens and of strangers like ourselves. It is a magnificent piece of metal work for its time, the era of Henry of Navarre and William the Silent and Sir Francis Drake, —but how grotesquely clumsy and incapable in comparison with the guns Russia so well knows how to handle today!

The building on our right is the Senate or Tribunal where the Courts of Law are established. The tower that we see beyond the old cannon is that of the Nicholas Gate (Porte Nicholas) at the north-east corner of the Kremlin. We have seen now all five of the Kremlin gates; the Troitski and Borovitski (Stereograph 54), the Tainitski (Stereograph 55), the Spaski (Stereograph 57), and now the Nicholas. At this Nicholas Gate there is a sacred picture almost as remarkable as the one at the Spaski Gate, though people are not absolutely obliged to pass through bare-headed in its honor. The French troops had orders to destroy it, but their cannon (so the tale is told) became "possessed" and missed fire, succeeding after a while in splitting the tower, but leaving the picture and the votive lamp before it quite unharmed.

The veneration of Russians for this Kremlin, the ancient heart of their ancient city, is something deep-rooted. From century to century traditions have been handed down to show how the Powers of Heaven watch over Holy Moscow. This is a characteristic bit of Russian rhapsody over it:—

> "Bow thy head, faithful child of Russia; the immortal Kremlin rises before thee. It has grown great amid tempests, and, master of its destiny, its brow laden with centuries, it stands powerful and steadfast, dominant above Moscow like the genius of glory. Here the proudest spirit becomes humble, thought remains still; but the heart of a true Russian is flooded with joy."

But the city is not all for court pageantry, religion and war. It seems much of the time while we are going about these curious old streets, that the people who live here must lead story-book lives like the characters in historical romances and in grand opera,—"Every sail on the horizon is enchanted except that of the ship in which we sail." Yet, as a matter of fact, the simple commonplaces of daily living are the rule. People prosaically earn wages and salaries here, just as they do in our own American towns, and spend their wages as freely for all sorts of temporary needs and fancies.

The popular shopping district of Moscow is in the Kitai Gorod, another walled section of the city north-east of the Kremlin (Govodskaia on the general map). It is sometimes called the "Chinese Town," but there is nothing Chinese about it. The derivation of the name Kitai Gorod is not quite certain, but is probably a corrupted repetition of the name of a town in south-west Russia, where Helena, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, was born. For three hundred years this commercial annex to the Kremlin has been the resort of citizens with money to spend.

We shall now take our stand once more on the east side of the Kremlin Wall, near the Spaski Gate. This time, as the Kremlin map shows, we shall look just west of north.

65. The Great Bazaar in the Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Here again, as on the Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg (Stereograph 8), we find a vast number of retail shops brought together in one long building and called the Great Bazaar. In fact, the idea was no doubt carried from Moscow to St. Petersburg when Peter the Great issued orders that certain Moscow merchants should straightway move to his new capital, and henceforward carry on their business there. Hundreds of retail shops for every sort of goods are to be found here, and bargain-hunting becomes a lively game when played with Russian shop-keepers. Many of them expect to have their first price refused, and adjust their schedules accordingly to make allowance for your objections, expostulations, arguments and cajolery. The shops where metal work is sold are naturally among the most popular with tourists. And you need not be surprised to find each shop-keeper doing his reckoning upon the abacus, a frame of wires on which beads are strung for counting.

The square spread out before us is, you remember, the Red Square, the scene of much bloodshed. We still have a reminder of the Kremlin. Notice that shadow on the street, beyond this iron fence near us. That shadow is cast by the Sacred Gate, now a few steps to our left. The twin spires in the distance on the left belong to the Resurrection Gate, one of the entrances to the Kitai Gorod. The still darker building, only part of which we see at the extreme left, is the historical museum. We shall look

at those buildings from a much nearer point soon, but on the way we will stop and look at the central entrance of this great bazaar on our right.

66. Central Entrance to the Great Bazaar, Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Would you believe it possible that this elegant modern building, its entrance flanked by electric lights, is within a few minutes' walk of the Kremlin cathedrals and the Sacred Gate,—bits of the Middle Ages, still with us? Even so; for there are plenty of people in Moscow who know little of its history, but care a great deal about fashionably correct clothes and furniture, and these prosperous folk keep large amounts of money in circulation.

There is, however, one characteristic Russian detail which makes this great Bazaar different from the great shops of Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin, or London, or New York. It is the *ikon* conspicuously placed over the front door,—a head of Christ, is it not? Every orthodox home and shop in Russia has at least one *ikon,* often more than one, to preside over affairs and dispense blessings.

They say that Moscow is gradually becoming a centre of mercantile wealth, so many manufacturers and shop-keepers have amassed large fortunes in various lines of trade. It was in recognition of the public spirit and patriotic devotion of a Russian cattle-dealer in the seventeenth century that the monument we see in the middle of that Square before us was erected in 1818, by "grateful Russia" as the inscription says. The monument represents citizen Minin of Nijni Novgorod urging Prince

Pojarski to free Moscow from the Poles (1612), and offering his private fortune to support the movement.

As we stand here, of course, the Kremlin is behind us, and off to our left is the historical museum and the gate we saw a few minutes ago (Stereograph 65). If we make our way between these passing droschkys and stand beside the statue of Minin and Prince Pojarski, and look to our left, we shall get a good view of those other interesting features of the Kitai Gorod.

67. The Historical Museum and Resurrection Gate of the Kitai Gorod.

The Historical Museum of Moscow, housed in that cathedral-like building before us, contains beautifully arranged representations and relics of various pre-historic ages and of the more ancient historic eras.

The other two-towered building at the right of the statue is, we can see now, really a gate. It is one of six, giving entrance to this district, the Kitai Gorod, through the old walls. This particular passageway is known as the Voskresenski or Resurrection Gate. The church near it to the right is Kazan Cathedral (Cath. de Kazan). Just this side of that gate and the Cathedral is a little chapel, with a bell in its white tower, which is the home of one of the most famous *ikons* in all Russia,—a representation of the Virgin, called the "Iberian Mother of God" (Porte Iberian Chap.). When a Russian Czar comes to Moscow he visits the chapel to pray before this holy picture, before going on to the Kremlin, and every day hundreds of humbler worshippers visit the shrine with their petitions or thanksgivings. A unique custom connected with this "Iberian Mother" is that

of sending the *ikon* out to visit worshippers who cannot go to the church to solicit the special blessings desired. The picture, when being sent to visit a sick-bed, a bridal or a house-warming, is taken in a carriage of state, and all along its route people respectfully bare their heads as it passes by.

The more or less elegant people who go shopping in the Great Bazaar (Stereograph 65) are, we know, not all that dwell in Moscow. There are plenty of people in this big city who have to count their kopecks carefully, and they cannot afford to patronize the shops in the Great Bazaar, where high rents give the shop-keepers an excuse for large prices. So it happens that there are, even in this same district, many small shops and out-of-door booths where goods are cheaper. We will visit one of these markets, located, as we see on our Kremlin map, about one-third of a mile north-east of the Kremlin.

68. The Market in the Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Felt hats, rugs, blankets, pots and dishes, all sorts of common wares are here. No doubt if we should walk a few rods down this street, we should find a seller of tall boots, such as the lower-class men and boys almost invariably wear. See, the men around us here all wear boots, tall and wrinkle-legged, made for service if not for beauty.

Is this a knife and scissors-grinder right here beside us? His long apron, with its "bib" fastened about his neck, is a sort of garment worn by workmen in many different trades. If it were winter instead of summer most of these men would be wearing sheepskin coats, made with the hair inside and the skin outside for the sake of extra warmth.

Ordinary working folk, like our friends here, make their rough clothes do long, hard service and so often have the effect of being less neat about their persons than they really are. Here in Russia the peculiar vapor baths, which we have imitated under the name of "Russian baths," are a cheap luxury and well patronized by comparatively poor people.

But the diet of these people is a good deal restricted, both by the expense of the best food-stuffs and by the rigid requirements of the Russian Church in regard to the observance of her innumerable fast-days, when even milk, cheese and eggs are a forbidden indulgence. Their main dependence is on fish, cucumbers, cabbage and rye-bread, and they drink a good deal of weak tea and strong whiskey (vodka).

In old times, before the days of Peter the Great, it would have been an almost unheard-of thing to find grown men here in Moscow, or, in fact, anywhere in the empire, with smooth-shaven faces. The traditions of early days in Russia were more Asiatic than European, and the men took great pride in long and bushy beards. But when Peter came home from his travels in Holland and England, he brought western styles with him. In 1705 he issued a decree that all civil officers should shave their beards, and the military governors of the principal towns were commanded to sacrifice even their moustaches. For a good many years those who clung to this sort of personal decoration had to apply and pay for a special license from the government; but at the present time, when there are no enforced laws on the subject, shaven faces are common everywhere.

There is one house in this district of the Kitai Gorod that is of special interest to travellers in Russia,—the birthplace of the

first Romanoff ruler of Russia, Czar Michael, from whom all the Czars since his death in 1645 are descended. It is situated about one-quarter of a mile east of the Spaski Gate in the Kremlin Wall (Mais. de Romanov, on the Kremlin map).

69. Romanoff House, Moscow, Birthplace of Michael, First Czar of the Reigning Dynasty.

Are you surprised by the modern look of this old mansion? After it was sacked by the French, in 1812, it had to be restored and, indeed, practically rebuilt so far as interior details are concerned. As it now stands, it is practically a restoration of a typical nobleman's house of the early part of the seventeenth century,—wine cellars in the basement, kitchens next above, study and reception rooms on the next floor, and bed-chambers at the top of the house.

They were stormy times here in Moscow in the early days of the seventeenth century. Ivan the Terrible and his son, Theodore I, had died. The reigns of Boris, the brother-in-law of Theodore (builder of the bell-tower), and Theodore II, son of Boris, had seen ghastly quarrels for the throne, quarrels made intensely dramatic by the appearance of two successive claimants, each professing to be a certain son of Ivan the Terrible, who really had been murdered in childhood. Then the Poles descended on suffering Moscow, and the Polish prince Ladislas ruled here until the Russians could bear him no longer, and he was driven out.

We have seen (Stereograph 66) a statue raised to commemorate the united devotion of arms (Prince Pojarski) and

capital (Citizen Minin) that succeeded in driving out the Polish governor. It was after all this had happened, when the succession of the old dynasty was hopelessly lost, that a new dynasty was deliberately founded. Special fasting and prayer were recommended for the entire population, even the children, that the national choice might have the favor of heaven; and an assembled convention formally elected young Prince Michael Romanoff, the heir of a distinguished family, son of a boyar who had become a metropolitan in the Russian Church.

There is an old story that the Poles sent a deputation to murder Michael when he was at Kòstroma, and that a Russian peasant, by the name of Ivan Sousanin, professing to act as their guide, purposely misled them into the deep forest where he gladly accepted death at their exasperated hands rather than betray his prince. A favorite Russian opera by the celebrated Russian Composer Glinka, often given at the large theatres in Moscow and St. Petersburg, "A Life for the Czar," is based on this old story. Whether its details are true or not, Michael himself, the boy whose childhood had been spent in this house before us, lived to rule and rule well, and Nicholas II, who rules today, is one of the same line.

Swinging now around to the west of the Kremlin, we shall see the beautiful Rumiantsof Museum (Musée Rumiantsov on the Kremlin map) and catch sight again of a familiar landmark.

70. Rumiantsof Museum, Moscow.

Another fine Moscow dwelling-house that has been remodeled and made into a public building is this former palace of the

Pashkof princes, standing here west of the Kremlin, on the side opposite the district of the Kitai Gorod. It is a massive, dignified structure, though, so far as architectural style is concerned, its Renaissance *façade* might be anywhere else in Europe as well as in Moscow. They use it now for a public library, archæological museum and picture gallery, and its contents are distinctively Russian enough, even if the exterior does have a non-committally cosmopolitan air.

And Moscow as a whole is always Russian; for we cannot look far in any direction without seeing the bulbous domes of churches. That church just ahead of us now is the same Temple of Our Saviour which we saw when we first entered Moscow (Stereograph 49). When we looked from the roof of the Temple (Stereograph 51), we saw this Library and Museum off towards the north-north-east. Now we are looking nearly south-south-west, towards our earlier point of view.

There are a great many attractive places in the suburbs of Moscow; for the city has a large class of wealthy citizens who have both money and time at their disposal, and frequent visits of the royal family keep the old capital still distinctly in fashion.

Let us ride out on the Tverskaia road to the Petrofski Palace. This Palace can be found on the general map of Moscow, some three or four miles to the north-west of the Kremlin. We can go by the democratic street-cars, or, if we wish to do the thing more prettily, with a touch of Russian elegance, we can take a troika.

71. Petrofski Imperial Palace, Moscow.

That is the Palace, but we cannot enter because the public

is not admitted. The building was begun in 1775 and finished in the time of Paul. To this place Napoleon retired when the conflagration drove him out of the Kremlin. One of the finest grand-stands in Europe is found here.

But here we have an excellent opportunity to notice what an imposing equipage a troika is. These three handsome grey horses are guided, you see, by four reins, two for the middle horse and one each for the outsiders. The oddity of the troika does not end with its use of that gaily painted douga or arch over the shoulders of the middle horse, nor with the gilded harness, decked with dangling tassels. Its most striking characteristic is the varied gait to which its three steeds are trained. The middle one trots and the other two gallop, a combination which is very effective on the fine promenades about the Palace and the park near-by. Indeed, the neighborhood of the Palace is a favorite place to show off good horses. There are races here at intervals all through the summer, and once in a while a great military review by the Czar, like that which we saw at Krasnoe Selò, outside St. Petersburg. There are fine horses in Russia. The Orloff breed is famous all around the world, and even the common nags, with no pedigree to speak off, fly like the wind when urged a little.

One of the best modern writers of the country, Gogol, pays a graceful compliment to this characteristic equipage of his native land:—

> "Troika,—troika-bird,—who invented thee? Thou couldst be born only among an audacious people; but art thou not, O Russia, the brave troika that none can pass? Where art thou going? Answer! The troika does not answer; it flies onward and clears all obstacles."

Before we leave Moscow we shall want to buy one or two

last souvenirs of the place. You already know the fine shops of the Great Bazaar (Stereograph 65), but they say the best place of all in which to pick up real treasures, curious pieces of mediæval silver and copper and hammered brass is in the Sunday-morning market, over by the Suharof Tower at the north-east of the Kremlin. This can be located on the general map of Moscow only, about a mile and a half north-east of the Kremlin. The number 147 indicates the location of the Suharof Tower.

72. The Great Sunday Market of Moscow.

That is the Suharof Tower straight ahead of us. So, you see, we are looking west. Peter the Great built it on the site of an old city gate, to commemorate the faithfulness of Colonel Suharof and the troops under him, who had remained loyal at a time when other regiments revolted. Peter was rather more given to punishing the bad than thanking the good. We have already seen (Stereograph 57) the walls where he stuck the heads of the rebels after putting down this same revolt, and it is agreeable to know he did a graceful thing in honor of those who stood by him. It was his fancy—always full of notions about the sea and sea-craft—to treat the tower like a tall mast and hang deck-like galleries around it from bottom to top. At present, it has indeed a connection with water affairs, but very different from any that Peter had in mind, for it has been made into a reservoir for the city supply.

Well, Peter is dead and Colonel Suharof is dead, and so are all the Streltsi, both loyal and rebel; but trade goes on forever. What a lively scene it is! We saw a few canvas-roofed booths like these in a market-place in the Kitai Gorod (Stereograph 68),

but not nearly so many nor so fine. Every sort of merchandise can be had here at one booth or another, the every-day necessities of steady-going Moscow citizens, cakes, candies and cheap toys for country folks and children, and here and there a real treasure for the art-lover, in the shape of a quaint, old bowl or beaker, an ancient *ikon* looking as if St. Luke himself might have painted it, or a bit of jewelry, fascinating in design and color. If once we go the rounds of all these booths and run the gauntlet of the loquacious vendors, we shall surely leave all our money behind us!

Moscow, of all European cities, is the richest in churches. It is a church, then, which shall be our last sight before we go on to other parts of Russia. One of the most typical is situated on the Novinsky Boulevard, about a mile to the west of the Kremlin.

73. Church of the Nativity, Moscow.

This is, indeed, a characteristic bit of Russia. We have this fantastically decorated place of worship, standing for the Russian religion, so impressive, with its ceremonial magnificence; we have these loaded wagons, standing for the great industrial interests that are so steadily growing greater, and promising better prosperity for the whole country; we have the ubiquitous policeman, standing for the organized government behind and under the multiform national life.

This Church of the Nativity shows us the same bulb-shaped domes that we have seen so many times here in Moscow, but their crosses are more elaborately foliated than usual, and how

oddly they are arranged! Three in a row across the end of the church farthest from the front entrance,—those must be over the part of the sanctuary where the altar stands. And see the tapering steeples on which they rest, steeples like long inverted funnels; are they not almost precisely like the steeples that budded all over the roof of the Voznesenski Convent beside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 58)? Those, however, lacked the blossom of the domes. Those arches, too, about the roof and around the base of the steeples,—they remind us of similar details in the finish of the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Stereograph 63) and the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 49). The Russians seem to like that ogee arch, with a sharply pinched gable at the highest part of the curve.

"Mother Moscow," "Holy Moscow," is full of churches. Our first sight of the old capital from the Sparrow Hills (Stereograph 47) showed us the old Convent and the Temple of Our Saviour. Our last sight shall fittingly be this shrine of the Eastern Church. Its ways of worship are strange indeed to our western minds, yet not altogether strange. As a good old church father observed a long time ago: "The way of truth is one, but into it, as a never-failing river, flow streams from all sides."

NIJNI NOVGOROD.

When we were school-children studying the geography of Europe, we learned that Nijni Novgorod, over east of Moscow on the Volga river, was famous for its annual holding of the great Russian fair. But the whole thing was vague and hazy in our minds; why this particular Russian fair should be noted away around at the other side of the world was not usually explained. Now we can clear the matter up for ourselves. We will go down to Nijni Novgorod and see the fair with our own eyes. Our general map of Russia will show that Nijni Novgorod is about two hundred and seventy-five miles east of Moscow. Turning now to our special map of Nijni Novgorod, we can quickly get our bearings there. The Volga river flows towards the east on the north of the city, and the Oka river comes from the south and empties into the Volga, dividing the city into two parts. On the bluff, a short distance from the right bank of the Oka, near its confluence with the Volga, is a circle with the number 74 in it, both in red. Two lines in red branch out from near this circle toward the left (west), and each of these lines has the number 74, without a circle, at its end on the map margin. We are to stand first on the bluff from which the lines start, and look out over the Oka, the bridge (Pont de la Foire) and that section of the town which the lines enclose.

74. Nijni Novgorod, the Summer Market-Place of All Nations.

Here is one of the delightfully picturesque towns built partly on hills and partly on a river-bank. Let us stand awhile by the

railing with this blouse-clad boy, and look off over the varied scene at our feet.

Trees and roofs and shady open spaces, roofs and trees and more roofs! Is it the roof of a summer-house that we see in the midst of the tree-tops beyond this flat roof at our feet? It looks so from here We might know we were still in Russia by the clustering domes of that great church, a perfect lace-work of crosses. Surely that topmost cross over the central dome is different from any of the beautiful varieties we saw in Moscow,—the cross-pieces of the foliated arms seem to unite, giving the effect of an open-work square floating over against the main shaft. And are there other crosses silhouetted on the rounding surface of that upper dome? That is a bit of church decoration we had not observed before, though, you remember, the domes of the Soldiers' Church in St. Petersburg were sprinkled with stars (Stereograph 39). The more we see of these Russo-Byzantine church buildings the better we like them. After our first sense of their "queerness" wears off, we do feel, in spite of all our prejudices in favor of the dear old cathedrals of France and England, that there is something artistically well worth while in their fascinating compound of barbaric gorgeousness and Christian dignity.

As we know from our map, that is the Oka river that spreads its waters out before us, a good-sized river too, but it is only a tributary of the still greater Volga, "Mother Volga," as the Russians call their greatest river, their highway to the Caspian Sea. The point where the Oka and the Volga unite is a little farther down-stream, to our right. We cannot quite see the Volga itself from this point, but it is sweeping majestically along over at the

other side of that town to which the long bridge leads. And the town,—that is Nijni Novgorod Fair.

A steep, zig-zagging street will take us down from the Upper Town to that long bridge, and then we can cross to see the sights. But on the way we shall stop to enter this church with the many domes which we have been admiring.

75. Interior of the Church of the Nativity, Nijni Novgorod.

Just a glimpse into a single one of the forty or more Russo-Greek churches of this old town. We have now an opportunity to examine more closely some of the ecclesiastical furnishings and decorations.

See, there is hardly a square inch of floor, wall or ceiling that is not in some way adorned according to orthodox Russian ideas of beauty and piety. The floor is inlaid with marble mosaics,—indeed, it is too fine for hard usage, and is thriftily protected with striped matting. There is a bit of wall mosaic too, that diamond-shaped panel, with decorative scrolls on the four sides. Mosaics like this, made of small bits of colored marbles ingeniously fitted together, are favorite forms of ornament in the Eastern Church. The architects of old Byzantium (Constantinople) developed mosaic work to a wonderful degree of perfection in their time, and we have to thank them, directly or indirectly, for most of the good work that has been done in the same line since. But Russia loves elaborately graven and carved metal-work even better than mosaic. Just see those massive double doors to which the striped matting leads. They are as delicately wrought as a lady's watch-case; and, certainly, their lavish magnificence does, from one point of view, help emphasize

the solemnity and mystery of the sacred precincts which they guard.

There is still another fine display of metal-work in the piece of furniture which looks like a reading-desk, at the right of the double doors, and yet another in the *ikon* which hangs above, set in a many-rayed frame of gold like a monstrance.

Close by us, at our right, we see the favorite Russian elaboration of the Latin cross, so used as to show the reason for the extra cross-bars. The upper one is for the traditional inscription over the head of the crucified Christ; the lowermost comes opposite the feet of the hanging figure.

What enormous candles these are, beside and in front of the cross! Solid standards or candle-sticks seem almost indispensable, considering their weight. Still the hanging candle-sticks, as we see them here, are ingeniously planned for the support of the wax column, and, with their glittering chains, add a great deal to the splendor of the general effect. In the Russian Church, as well as in the Roman Catholic, the offering of special candles to some shrine is a favorite act of devotion, and, between such gifts and the regular usage of the church authorities, there are always forests of wax tapers to be seen in every house of worship. Just count those in sight now, without moving from this one spot; you will find between thirty and forty.

Church property in Russia is immensely valuable. The parish churches in the country are often shabby and ill-appointed, but no sums are too great to be lavished on buildings in the larger towns. The Synod has a capital of some twenty-five million dollars and an immense annual income; for the average Russian gives liberally to the church into which he has been born.

Turning to the map again, we find another red circle enclosing the number 76, near the bluff, by the eastern end of the bridge (Pont de la Foire). The two lines in red which branch out toward the left from the bluff have the number 76 at their ends on the map margin. We are to look out between these two lines now.

76. The Floating Bridge Over the Oka and the Fair of Nijni Novgorod.

Now you can see a bit of the Volga,—look! That is Mother Volga herself, moving off in the distance, to the right, in great, sweeping curves, towards Astrakhan.

This long bridge which we saw in the distance (Stereograph 74) may well look long. It is two-thirds of a mile across the Oka at this point. There are no solid piers for the bridge. As you see, it rests on floats, its solid supports being only at the ends. Ten months in the year there is comparatively little business passing over, but for six or eight weeks in midsummer the Fair, over yonder, brings traders and visitors from all over the empire. It is a sort of National Exposition, the lineal descendant of a fair which used to be held here at Nijni Novgorod in the fourteenth century, though it was for a time removed to St. Macarius, seventy miles down the river.

No doubt, this family party—father, mother and son—are likewise going to the Fair. Doesn't the good wife have an air of being conscious of her best clothes? You will not find that dignified matron carrying her purchases tied on the end of a stick, like the plodding individual just passing by.

Droschkys are evidently to be hired here as in St. Peters-

burg and Moscow; see them down there in the street by the head of the bridge. We can go over the bridge by railway if we choose. On either side of the bridge we find boats of different sorts, barges, river steamers, all sorts of freight and passenger craft.

The freighting done in connection with the Fair is a large item, for the trade is done at wholesale, and the merchants do not simply show samples of their goods; they have their stock here and deliver at once to purchasing shop-keepers from all parts of the country.

We remember seeing the *ikon* of the Saviour over the door of the Bazaar in the Kitai Gorod (Stereograph 66). Every shop in the Fair keeps to the same religious observance. And see, there is actually a church towering over the roofs of the other Fair buildings,—a curious contrast to our western ways of conducting commercial affairs. Here one can attend a service between bargains if he wishes. On the other hand, there is one thing he distinctly can *not* do, either inside the Fair limits or while crossing this long bridge, that is, to smoke. Vigilant police officers are always on the watch to prevent any infraction of this old-established rule. It is not a point of etiquette, but a measure for the public safety; for fires are easily started here in August, the time of the Fair, and one large fire might seriously cripple many lines of business for a whole year. Traders not infrequently secure here their entire year's supplies from the wholesale dealers.

That white church which towers over the Fair buildings belongs to the Armenians. We cross the bridge now and take our position in a cathedral, a short distance beyond the range of our

vision on the right, and look toward the south-west. This cathedral, Alexander Nevsky, is indicated on the map by the number 35.

77. That Cosmopolitan Mart, the Fair at Nijni Novgorod.

There is the Armenian Church on our right. The floating bridge must be off to our left.

A National Exposition this truly is, and yet there is evidently no attempt at architectural effect in its housing or arrangement. There are rows on rows of two-story shops like these, with awnings over the narrow sidewalks, and within, every sort of thing that anybody ever buys. In this respect it is like a multiplication of the city bazaars and markets; but it really is a good deal more than that, for its midsummer trade practically fixes the price of staple goods for the next year. Merchants from every part of the empire have branch houses here,—not simply the large dealers from St. Petersburg and Moscow, but from far north and south, west and east. Tea is brought overland from China, to be sold here to Russian shop-keepers, who, in turn, will sell it to the most inveterate tea-drinkers in Europe; Bokhara merchants come with their rugs; and, on the other hand, every sort of Russian manufactured goods which can possibly meet the needs or please the fancy of their Turkish, Armenian, Georgian, Persian and Tartar neighbors finds its way here to tempt pilgrims from the East and South. They say that the business done here each year during the two months of the Fair amounts to about two hundred million dollars!

Practically all these two-story buildings are shops. The few taller structures are restaurants, lodging-houses, theatres and the

like; and there is more than a square mile of these buildings among which we may wander, without counting other miles of wharfage and open spaces piled with iron, timber and such heavy or bulky stuffs as cannot be conveniently housed in large quantities. Cottons, woolens, linens and silks are among the staples of trade here during the brief exchange season in August. Corn, furs, salt, pottery, leather and leather goods, dried fish,—everything, in short, is here, like the stock of a "general store" in an American country village magnified to an enormous scale.

Russian peasants have little furniture in their houses, but they generally manage to have a chest or two, serving for the housewife's linen-closet, clothes-press and store-room. Great numbers of such chests, gaudily painted, are sold here to country shop-keepers, who utilize them as packing-cases to hold other goods on the way home.

We move now, as the map shows, to a point in the street (Nigegorodskaia) which leads from the Pont de la Foire or floating bridge, and look back east across the bridge and to the bluffs on the right bank of the Oka from which we first (Stereographs 74, 76) caught sight of the Fair.

78. One of the Busy Streets of the Fair of Nijni Novgorod.

In the distance are the frowning cliffs at the east of the Oka. The floating bridge at the farther end of this street cannot be seen.

All sorts and conditions of men come here, many to sell, many to buy, and many, like us, just to look on; sometimes, it is said, two hundred thousand people are on these fair-grounds at once. Fortunately for hygienic conditions, the government

has for the last hundred and fifty years controlled the management of affairs, and the lighting, sewerage, fire department and police force are all kept in good condition.

Here is the omnipresent telegraph line extending the length of the street, and a row of electric-light poles along the middle of the street, as much at home as if they were in London or New York.

Do see the swarms of cloth-caps and long-skirted coats! Russians are devoted to them. Foreigners of all sorts are to be seen here every day, and the natives become pretty well used to them; still, some of these people do seem to be regarding us with a good deal of curiosity. See this little fellow in the blouse who turns to gaze as he crosses the street. The young fellows near him, at the tail of the wagon, are interested in us too. The kerchief-wrapped women are too much absorbed in their gossip with the owner of the wagon to notice us at all. Their own affairs are of much more importance. But, if their indifference is cool, there is a man standing just beyond them who averages things by putting up his hands to shield his eyes and staring at us unreservedly.

For our own part, we find no end of things to gaze at,—this patient horse, for instance, nodding under his awkward *douga* with that strap-and-rope harness and the extraordinary trace which connects the wagon-shaft and the protruding hub of the wheel. It is evidently a peasant equipage, and the moujik proprietor is here to buy goods for a country shop, or to do job teaming. Perhaps it is a problem of prices that he is talking over now with the absorbed women-folk. All day the crowds come and go, come and go, like this, through these streets of shops.

There is nothing fine about the buildings, and yet fortunes are being made here and there all around us. Old frequenters of the Fair tell how a Russian tallow merchant one year sent his son to Nijni Novgorod with over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, and permission to have a good time after business had been despatched. The young man promptly sold the tallow; but his good time included so much riotous living at the theatres, gambling-houses and wine-shops that he had not a kopeck to take home with him,—only a good deal of miscellaneous experience. They say that Russians, when they begin to throw money about, do it in the most reckless, Oriental fashion; and the Fair affords opportunity for as much brutal extravagance as any raw boy could wish, set free for the first time in his life from all restraint and provided with a fat purse.

Just behind our present position, near the number 45 on the map, is the Russian cloth market. That is one part of this temporary trade-city where goods are sold out in the open air. It is an interesting sight, and we will visit it now.

79. Russian Cloth Market in the Fair of Nijni Novgorod.

Russia's textile industries are fast becoming enormously important. Raw cotton is imported in huge quantities, and modern mill machinery is being introduced, greatly to the advantage of large classes of working-people in Moscow and other large towns. Mill owners are getting rich too. It is said that some factories of this sort pay over 100 per cent., even 180 per cent., dividends.

If we should walk around at our leisure among these piles of woven stuffs, we should find some interesting home-woven

linens for towelling and similar uses, made by Russian peasant women, and elaborately decorated with primitive embroidered patterns and with lace-like effects of drawn threads.

It is actually a relief to see a round cap (is it fur?), worn by the young man just in front of us beyond the first bench of goods. That is a sort of cap sometimes worn by the Czar himself. Yes, we saw him wearing one of nearly this shape, when we were at Krasnoe Selò (Stereograph 46). It seems good to see something different from the ubiquitous cloth-cap with its visor over the eyes.

What is that little building yonder, with a pyramidal roof supported by four columns? Ah, yes, it must be a shrine of some sort, for there is an *ikon* inside, and a tall cross surmounts the roof. Evidently the bulls and bears and "corner" makers in this market mean to keep on the windy side o' the law, so far as heaven is concerned.

The Fair itself was opened, before we came, with a solemn service of benediction; and, from time to time, sacred pictures are taken about to visit special shops whose proprietor desires to take every means to secure a prosperous season. The accompanying priests are well paid, the shop takes on temporarily a holiday air, with candles and green boughs, and then the *ikon* moves on to bless some other shop.

Another interesting place in this great Russian Fair is the Chinese Row. This is found on the map (mais. chin.) a short distance to the south of the Russian Cloth Market.

80. "Chinese Row," in the Market of All Nations, Nijni Novgorod.

Here, as we approach the headquarters of the tea-trade, we

meet a procession of teams of much the same general aspect as the one we saw a short time ago in the main street (Stereograph 78). There are the same heavy *dougas* (they seem exaggerated in height and clumsiness, compared with those on the Moscow droschkys), the same protruding axles of the wheels, and the same strange harness-connection between shaft and hub. The drivers seem to be taking it easy, riding on their empty wagons; poor fellows, they should not be grudged a little breathing-space, for teamsters here during the crowded two months of business have hard work and small wages for their portion.

Is not that street an extraordinary mixture of things? The scalloped and pagoda-topped roofs look just like the China of our grandmothers' saucers and tea-trays. The squatting statues on the roof at our right have a Buddhist air about them. And yet, they are almost literally in the shadow of that big Russo-Greek cathedral with its swelling domes and aspiring crosses. Evidently, East and West agree to disagree here, and the lion and the lamb amicably tolerate each other.

This district through here is largely, though not entirely, devoted to Chinese importations, but comparatively few Chinamen are seen. The teas and other goods are handled by their Russian importers.

The Fair is an excellent place in which to get an idea of the material resources of Russia. Mere map acquaintance with the boundaries of Siberia, for instance, might leave us doubtful why the Czar should care so much about possessing that northern land, but when one sees in the Fair booths the Siberian malachite and lapis-lazuli and precious stones that all the rest of the world wants to buy, he readjusts his ideas of the country. Furs and

hides of various sorts also come from Siberia in enormous quantities. Let us come over to the bank of the Volga, north of our present position, and see the stock piled up in the open air.

81. Siberian Hides and "Village of the Tartars," Nijni Novgorod.

We are looking east again here, as our map shows plainly. In the distance are the bluffs on the right bank of the Oka. And down on this river bank we are pretty close to nature. These odorous skins are not long off the backs of their four-footed owners. There are sheep-skins here, wolf-skins, skins of bears, foxes, martens, even ermine.

These aproned workmen are Tartars, descendants of the wild hordes that used to harass the Muscovite princes with their bloody invasions, a peacable enough sort of Russian subjects at present, though not over-clean and not very attractive in their personal appearance. Many of them live through the time of the Fair in these huts, scattered about among the piles of skins, taking care of the stock, for it is immensely valuable in spite of its smell.

The man with the fez and the striped blanket over his arm is of a different sort. He looks as if he might "belong" somewhere down in the Caucasus region. Russia's children are so many and of such varied birth! Extremes meet in the matter of her population.

Siberian rivers on the one hand and the Caucasus mountains on the other hand used to be worlds apart, but the Russia of today is taking advantage of modern inventions. The river over there where we see the clustering masts is dotted thick with

steamboats too; there is now little, if any, of the old-time painful dragging of freight barges up the Volga by men walking a tow-path; and the days of caravans bringing goods overland from the East are steadily retreating into tradition. The railroad train that we see over yonder (those are the cars near that long, low shed, straight ahead of us, just below the dome of the distant cathedral) is gradually transforming life in the Czar's dominions. Perhaps it may bring about the abolition of this very Fair. It was planned and organized centuries ago, when it constituted the only feasible method of effecting bargains at wholesale. If it were not that Russia is, "in streaks," the most conservative of all civilized countries, the Fair would probably have passed out of existence before now, replaced by some up-to-date system of selling by sample; but, as it is, the institution will probably be kept up for several years yet. There will be time for us to come again!

All about us here the country stretches away like a constantly unrolling map, with little variety in it; only the villages scattered here and there remind the traveller that this region, too, is peopled with men and women who have their own interests in life, their own hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments. It will be worth our while to cross the Volga north of us and go out several miles to some country village to get at least a glimpse of country life among the ordinary moujiks or peasant farmers.

82. A Characteristic Country House in the Heart of Russia.

This home, for instance, is a fair average of those we find all through the south central part of Russia, a log house, or isba,

its cracks filled with mud or moss, and a patient, hard-working family with small ambitions beyond that of harvesting crops enough to last the year out and keeping the cows in good condition. Do the women-folk do the milking? It looks as if they did; are not those milk-pails which the older woman is carrying by means of the long yoke over her shoulder? No doubt, she is weather-wise too, and knows that if a light-colored cow leads when the herd comes home at night (that is the barn over yonder behind the roof of the well), it will be fair the next day, but if a dark cow leads, a storm is coming. The little boy who regards us doubtfully from the shelter of his mother's petticoats, probably goes to a village school,—schools are more common than they were when his father was a boy,—but it is a small dose of wisdom they administer to him there. His lore is mostly made up of his grandmother's tales, how the fire-flies darting about here over the grass on a summer night are the souls of unbaptized babies; how a heavy July thunder-storm is caused by St. Ilija (Elijah) dashing across the sky in a chariot of fire, and how it is St. George that makes the trees grow. He has a good time on the whole; he eats raw cucumbers and sun-flower seeds as our own urchins devour apples and peanuts, and when he grows up he may feel, in his own way, the same attachment to this well and its water-bucket (see it resting on the curb) that our own familiar song expresses for the American.

In one respect, however, his prospects are radically different from those of American boys, for, if he is able-bodied and not the only son, he is to be sent off into military service.

Just look again at the blonde-bearded peasant who sits with folded arms on the log just this side of the well. Has he not a

curiously suggestive resemblance to some of the imaginary pictures of Christ,—not *ikons*, but the paintings of modern German artists? His is a type often seen in Russia and remarked by other travellers besides ourselves.

If these people should invite us inside the house, there are two things we should be sure to find,—an *ikon* on the wall, to bespeak the favor of heaven, and a bake-oven for cooking the coarse rye-bread which is the Russian moujik's mainstay. Most likely there are no bedsteads at all, for the family are used to sleeping on rough benches up against the house-wall; only in cold weather the rheumatic grandmother or the delicate daughter may stretch herself out along the top or side of the brick oven to take advantage of its heat. Probably there is a rude hand-loom over in one corner, where the women make for themselves their coarse house linens, and very likely this good-natured housewife would, if she knew us a little better, bring out for our admiration a bit of crude but effective needlework,—"drawn" work or embroidery, or both,—for women take to it the world over, and Russian country women often have fingers more deft than they look.

Friday is a species of religious holiday in these country places, so far as housework is concerned. The traditions of the day involve a tangled confusion of Christian saints and old Slavonic goddesses, but the amount of it is that Mother Friday Prascovia especially abhors finding any spinning, weaving or sewing in progress on her day.

There is an old Russian folk-tale, which no doubt these women know by heart, about a woman who once sat in the house spinning flax on a Friday, when all at once the angry saint

appeared and punished her by stuffing her eyes full of dust from the flax. Such a time as the wretched creature had,—blinded and aching! But she repented and prayed, and promised never to be so bad again, and the next night while she was asleep her eyes were restored.

The saint does not always blind women who are so disrespectful of her known desires, but she does often send them sore eyes and fingers, and work begun on a Friday never prospers, never!

KIEF.

Still another part of Russia well worth a journey is the southern region by the Black Sea. The best way to make this journey is to return to Moscow and then go by rail from Moscow down through Kursk and Kief to Odessa. The general map of Russia shows the route. The railway from Moscow leads through miles upon miles of forest, pasture and tillage land, almost level with a few low, rolling hills.

This south-western part of the empire is known as Little Russia; it is rich not only in farm-lands but in songs and folk-tales as well.

The great emphasis placed upon religious observances in the land of the Czar is something noticeable wherever we may go, but there is one particular town, Kief, the one to which we are now going, whose ancient traditions make it a sacred spot in the eyes of the devout. It is the earliest Russian stronghold of the Christian Church.

Let us turn to the special map of Kief and get a general idea of the city first. The Dnieper river practically bounds the city on the east. The Podol section of the city, on the north, is on a plain near the river level, but the main part is picturesquely located above the bluffs on the west bank of the Dnieper. Near the center of the section on the bluffs is the principal street (Krestalatikskaia), running almost north and south. The number 83 in red, enclosed by a circle in red, is near the southern end of this street. We are to stand now in the street near this point and look north.

83. Principal Street of Ancient Kief.

Electric street-cars in the town where the ancient Slav people used to worship Perun, the northern Jupiter, wielder of thunderbolts! The world does move. Kief is a busy place. There are nearly two hundred thousand people who live here all the time, and when swarm of pilgrims come here to pray at the shrines of the old saints who first introduced Christianity into Russia, the number may be temporarily doubled. Just now we see the ordinary life of the city.

The omnipresent droschky, you see, is still at your service if you want to explore the streets off the regular line of electric cars; and, indeed, we shall need it, for there are tremendously steep hills to climb before we see the more picturesque parts of the city.

The people whom we meet and pass chatter Russian to each other, or hurry along about their errands to be done in the prosperous-looking shops. Even if we cannot read the lettered signs, we can, in many cases, tell at once what goods are kept for sale, for the Kief shop-keepers (indeed, most Russian shop-keepers) obligingly make allowances for the unlettered condition of a large class of their native-born customers, and display pictorial signs too. Who but a blind man could help knowing that this shop on our left is for the sale of music and musical instruments? If we could walk leisurely down the street and examine the other signs, we should find them equally explanatory. By the way, the Russian alphabet itself, so ornamental, if unintelligible to us westerners, is said to have been largely the invention of the Byzantine monks, who made a missionary journey into these lands away back in the ninth century.

This city, all about us here, is really one of the oldest towns in Russia, though, as to building, it is like the boy's jack-knife, repaired by the substitution of a new blade and a new handle. Since its founding, a thousand years ago, it has been the scene of so many "battles, sieges, fortunes," so many times its buildings have been destroyed in the course of successive wars waged by Scandinavian, Moscovian, Tartar and Polish princes, that most of those standing are surprisingly modern. All the same, the city was here, in another form, away back in the times of King Alfred of England and Charlemagne.

The country round about Kief is a prairie or "steppe" region, and if we go up on one of the high hills of the town, we can look off for miles and miles up the beautiful Dnieper river. Turning to our map again, we find a red circle enclosing the number 84, just north of the street at which we are looking. Two red lines branch out from this circle towards the north-east, and each of these lines has the number 84, without a circle, at its end on the map margin. We take our stand now at the place indicated by the apex of these two lines and look over the territory between them.

84. Alexandrofski Slope and the Winding Dnieper River, Kief.

Truly, this is the sort of landscape one ought to be able to see in the greatest empire on earth. As far as the eye can reach, this fertile plain stretches out before us, and the great river lies in lazy majesty on its breast. It is the third largest river in Europe, this winding stream. Only the Volga and the Danube are longer. And as it leads from a point near Moscow down to

the Black Sea, opposite Constantinople, the key to the Mediterranean, it is easy to see how important it is as a water highway, both for commercial and for political reasons.

There are a great many fine descriptions of the Dnieper in Russian literature. Gogol says of the stream in midsummer weather:—

> "There is no ripple on the water. . . . You look and you do not know if this majestic surface is in movement or motionless; one might say it was of glass; yet one is conscious that this pathway, blue as a mirror, immense in its width, infinite in its length, is springing forwards and eddying onwards."

This is the old Cossack country, the home of poetry and song and of wild adventures told us in our story-books. It was in this very town of Kief that Mazeppa, the hero of Byron's wild-horse story, lived in the days of Peter the Great; indeed, he built a monastery and various churches here. One cannot help wondering what the old chieftain would think of the rides taken by sober citizens of Kief today, flying down these steep side-hill streets in these smart little trolley-cars, drawn by the very lightning itself. A first experience of it would perhaps be as startling as a ride on a wild horse fresh from the Ukraine steppes.

Here we are looking, as we know, towards the north-east. Let us go next to a point on that elevation, with a path leading up to it, off to our left, and look back to our right; that is, down the Dnieper, towards the south-east. The map shows this position clearly by the lines which start a little above and to the left of our present location, and extend toward the lower right-hand corner of the map.

85. The St. Vladimir Monument and the Murmuring Dnieper, Kief.

It was a happy thought to station the bronze figure of the old tenth-century Grand Duke where he could look off over the land he formally Christianized. It is true there had been individual Russian converts to Christianity before Vladimir's day, but he took the people with him when he abandoned the old Slavonic paganism for the tenets of the Eastern Church, and the inhabitants of Kief were obediently baptized by thousands. It was from one of these high hills overlooking the Dnieper that Vladimir, with courage equal to his convictions, ignominiously pitched the great image of Perun, the god of thunder, whom he had used to worship. No half-way attitude of "Good Lord,—good devil," for sturdy Vladimir!

This is his own statue now, in monkish robes, supporting the cross of his faith with his strong right arm,—how strong the Poles and the Tartars knew to their sorrow!

Our former position (Stereograph 84) was in the ravine just beyond this statue. The black smoke-stack, down on our left here, was just visible to us then at our extreme right. We turn about now and look off, from the cliff behind us, to the north over the Podol section.

86. The Podol Portion of Ancient Kief, Little Russia.

There is the Dnieper again, down at our right.

What a mass of flat-bottomed freight-boats on the river-bank! Practically all the secular business of Kief is done in the section before us, and Kief as a whole is one of the most important trade centres in "Little Russia," as this south-western

region is popularly called. The traffic is heavy both by river and by rail. We see many more trees here than in Moscow or St. Petersburg, and that is natural, considering that we are now almost seven hundred miles south of the Neva. Kief is in about the same latitude as Prague and Frankfort and the coast of Cornwall. There is a good deal of wealth here. The merchants are in the heart of the richest agricultural section of all Russia, and the churches and monasteries are the resort of thousands and thousands of pilgrims and excursionists who buy *ikons* and candles and blessed bread, and leave offerings besides, in thanksgiving to their favorite saints, for benefits received. Some of the most sacred relics are the skulls of monks who long ago dwelt in cells hollowed out of the face of precipitous cliffs, like that on which we are standing now. They were the first monastic brethren in all Russia, and their memory is very dear to the devout among their countrymen.

Sick people come here to Kief to pray for health. People with burdens of sin and misery come here to pray for pardon and peace. And, since they believe that the monks who lived here so long ago can help present their petitions at the throne of God, they come with hope, and often go away with great satisfaction. There are so many, so many ways in which the human heart reaches out for help!

In this world of ours, all sorts of things are queerly mixed together. Tragedy rubs elbows with Comedy. The most sacred experiences jostle against the most commonplace routine. Just when the emotional, dramatic aspects of this pilgrimage-centre are fresh in our minds, as we pass down through this little, wooded park on our way around to the Upper Town with its

shrines and monuments, we shall be able to meet a most grotesque procession of milkmaids!

87. The Milkmaids of Kief.

Aren't they comical to see, with their big feet, their clumsy wadded and belted frocks (the isvostschicks do not monopolize the portly figures!) and that peculiar, enveloping head-gear? Evidently there is no need to preach here the gospel of woman's emancipation from the thralldom of trailing petticoats. Our American "Rainy Daisies" are conservative in comparison. But, after all, it is merely unfamiliarity that makes a thing "queer." Probably these women think we are the extraordinary folk, ourselves, staring as we do at simple milk-jars carried home just as they have always been carried every day for years. Pray, have we come from a land where there is no milk? Did we never see earthern jars carried in that way, by means of a stout pole across the shoulder? But where in this world can we have lived (they doubtless think), not to know a simple thing like that? Why, that is the way to carry milk! How else should one do it?

Very early every morning these peasant women and many more come in from the outlying villages to bring fresh milk to the townsfolk. Patient beasts of burden they are! The lot of American farmers' wives is hard enough, but it is ease and luxury in comparison with what these faithful souls plod through with little murmuring.

There is not much feminine charm about any of these sturdy workers. But isn't that a good-natured grin of amusement on the face of the nearest "maid"? No doubt she wonders at our eager interest in her and her mates. If you could tell her about the

lives of American women at home, do you suppose it would make her unhappy? Luckily, no. There is a certain inertness and stolidity about these Russian peasants that affords pretty effectual protection against the assaults of ambition or the stings of useless envy. And home is home, even if it means only a bare, dirty, little cabin four miles from Kief, with unruly cows to milk before daybreak and a husband who spends too much on corn-brandy! Is it not fortunate that we do not all yearn for just the same things?

These are genuine country people of Russia, the kind of peasants who figure in the Russian novels. This type has been studied quite faithfully from the literary standpoint by modern authors. But peasant life has been studied, too, from the standpoint of æsthetics. The Russian stage has made a good deal of the possibilities of the national peasant costumes. We shall go now to a theatre garden where we can see the members of a theatrical troupe, carefully costumed according to the holiday custom of certain districts of Russia.

88. The Fairy-land of Little Russia.

Of course, only the more well-to-do peasants could dress like this; but the clothes are truthful reproductions of the genuine gala attire of prosperous country folk, and far more picturesque and striking than the sort of thing we see at home. With us a commonplace following of city fashions prevails everywhere in the country districts. That is one disadvantage of the establishment of easy communication between all parts of a country; picturesque differences in people's modes of dress, speech and manner die out, and a dull, mediocre uniformity takes

its place. Perhaps, for poetry's sake, we should regret the rapid extension of railroads here in the Ukraine!

Do you object that these costumes are impossibly fine for peasants? Maybe they are a bit extravagant, but men and women the world over do love fine clothes. Don't you remember how even in puritan New England, in the early colonial days, people spent their hard-accumulated shillings for broadcloth capes and gowns of silk brocade and lace ruffles? These precious bits of finery were not often donned; but Ebenezer and Prudence and Dorothy wore their everyday homespun and linsey-woolsey with a proud consciousness of the ability to appear in gorgeous array on suitable occasions.

National costumes like these we see now are exceedingly popular in Russia. There is a large party enthusiastically devoted to the cultivation of everything characteristically Russian and to the vigorous Russianizing of everything else. Ladies have had a "fad" for wearing so-called peasant costumes, for patriotism's sake. Indeed, when the young Czarina was crowned in 1894, she wore her hair in long, hanging plaits, peasant fashion, and by so doing made the people more than ever enthusiastically in love with her.

Red, green and dull blue are usually the favorite Russian colors. They make a great deal of embroidery in this half-Oriental country. See how much is done with it in these very costumes, even those of the men. That is a gorgeously elaborate shirt-front. And how girls of the peasant class do love beads! Do you remember the nurse we met in St. Petersburg (Stereograph 9) and her impressive necklace? The festoons that these make-believe peasants wear are only a slight exaggeration of the actual practice in real life.

All the members of this troupe have probably learned their profession in some great government school of acting, under professors of elocution, of music, of dancing and all the other details that go to make up a complete equipment for the stage. Russia takes the drama and the opera more seriously than we do, and is more critical of the stage from the artistic standpoint. They say some of the cleverest young French actors and actresses go first to Russia to try their wings. If they can please a critical Russian audience they may return with confidence to Paris.

Don't you wish you could wait and see this little company give some representation on the stage? If we linger a little, will they not begin? Will not that pretty, provoking damsel who stands by the pedestal of the big urn condescend to really smile just once? She is a cold-hearted coquette, that girl. So long as we watch her, she will not move so much as an eyelash; but, once we have turned away, it will be quite another story.

Our accidental meeting with the milkmaids (Stereograph 87) has led us away from the main interest of Kief. You surely wish to see the interior of the famous cathedral of St. Vladimir? It was named for the stern old duke, the savage fighter and zealous missionary whose statue we saw a little while ago near the top of the hill above the river (Stereograph 85). The memory of Vladimir is perpetuated everywhere about Kief, but the most imposing memorial of all is perhaps this great church, visited every year by throngs of pilgrims. It is the most beautifully decorated church in the whole country, if the decorations are to be judged by western taste. Here, as everywhere in Russia, there are *ikons* without number, but in this particular church there are also really beautiful paintings by modern artists.

On the map we find this cathedral (Cathedr. St. Vladimir) nearly half a mile to the west of the main street which we visited first.

89. Interior of the Vladimir Cathedral, Kief, Most Beautifully Decorated Church in Russia.

Is it not like a great jewel-box? Only in this instance a great deal of the crowded ornament has some distinct, religious significance. It means or did once mean something of vital importance to the devout worshipper. Of course, every cross is a reminder of Christ's passion and death. In several places (see, on this square pillar at the left) there are four dots or spots of ornament close around the cross; those are symbolic of the four Evangelists or of the gospels they wrote. Sometimes the four arms of the cross itself were meant to remind the faithful of the four Evangelists. Then, do you see several places where the ornament is made up of figures grouped in threes? Those groups of threes are to call to your mind the doctrine of the Trinity. On both this pillar and its mate at the other side of the church there seems to be occasionally a suggestion of something like a vine, stiffly conventionalized into formal curves. Wherever the vine appears as a feature of ecclesiastical decoration it signifies the True Vine of which Christ talked to His disciples.

It takes a little time to grow used to the deep shadows in these cathedral interiors. Can you make out now the majestic figure of the holy Mother and Child above the altar-screen, on the farther wall? It was painted not many years ago by one of the ablest of nineteenth-century Russians, Voznesenski; and, in

the face of all the national prejudice in favor of stiff, unreal *ikons,* this simple, dignified painting has succeeded in touching the heart of the people to a remarkable degree. It is now one of the most widely known and admired pictures in the whole country; for the fact that so many thousands of pilgrims come here every year from all parts of the empire has naturally served to spread its fame. The space devoted to the picture is one of special honor. Does it not seem as if all these gorgeously ornamented walls and pillars and arches were in themselves a sort of ceremonial setting for the dignified simplicity of the Virgin with the wonderful Child in her arms?

If you look again at the details of the wall-decorations, you can find interesting traces of the Oriental inheritance of our Russian cousins. They are by nature almost more Asiatic than European, these Slavic people. You see that enormous chandelier just at our right as we stand here,—two huge crowns bearing close-ranked candles ready for lighting? Just beyond that chandelier, on the curving inner surface of the arch, you see the formal figure of a saint in a robe stiff with embroidery. Look at the ornament on the wall, just a little above the saint's head, and you will find quaint "palm figures" just like the ones that delighted your childish soul in the border of your grandmother's cashmere shawl, and just such as you find today in India prints. Higher up, do you see two drooping figures that look like grass blades with daisy disks strung upon them, bent over by their weight? Those are very much like bits of Persian decorative fancy that you may see in art museums or in books on decorative design. Authorities in these matters account for such traces of the Orient in two ways. The Greek architects who were brought here from

Constantinople in the early days of Russian Christianity knew a good deal about things Oriental, because of their living in a city of cosmopolitan population, with extensive eastern trade. The Greeks of Constantinople were in the habit of combining things Christian with things pagan with delightful frankness, just as the early church festivals combined memorials of the new faith with reminiscences of heathen feast-days. Again, here in Russia, the later dominion of the Tartar princes, Asiatic as they were from beginning to end, left additional traces of eastern fancy and eastern mannerisms on the work of architects and artists. Today, conservative Russia repeats whatever has been previously done, without much thought of its remote origins.

It will pay us to go up into the galleries of the cathedral, where there are some other famous pictures by Russian artists. The light will be better up there, so that we can examine the paintings with more satisfaction.

90. "The Birth of Jesus," Vladimir Cathedral, Kief.

We are allowed to come thus far towards the altar at the front end of the gallery, honored with this fine Nativity. In this case the interposition of the altar-screen seems to heighten the æsthetic effect: it holds us at a little distance, implying that our attitude should be that of reverence. The gorgeousness of marble and malachite, mosaic and metal-work in the screen and its massive doors is like a heralding with music. The painting itself is thoroughly Russian, and yet it shows the influence of study outside the conventional lines of the monkish painters of *ikons*. This is the work of an artist. The light of the Star in the East streams down on the Child in the cradle, making His

tiny figure the focal point of the whole picture, the point our eyes instinctively seek first. The Virgin's delicate, ascetic face is very lovely, and just far enough removed from the simply human to make that stiff halo seem perfectly fitting and appropriate. The dusky figures of the worshippers at the right of the cradle are full of dramatic suggestiveness, and the distant hillside, where the trees stand silhouetted against the first light of morning, makes an exquisite background for the whole. If all the holy pictures in the Czar's land were as good as this, we could easily understand their hold on the imagination of the common people.

Just now, as it happens, these tall, spool-shaped stands are quite bare of candles, but oftener every one of the little candlesticks they hold bears a taper, symbolic of adoration and prayer. The oil lamps swinging before the pictures on the screen serve to keep up perpetual devotion while the candles are being removed and renewed. In many of these churches there are lamps that burned continuously for years at a time.

Just see that odd halo behind the head of the figure at the right, a Greek cross inside a circle. Five different kinds of halos we can see from here at this minute, without counting any details of those beautiful panels in the double doors through which the priests come and go! Religious paintings in the Greek Church do not have a great variety of subject, but their artists do manage to secure interesting and artistically effective variety in working out the same subjects over and over.

At the opposite side of the church there is another gallery with a painting of the Resurrection. Let us see that also.

91. "The Resurrection," Vladimir Cathedral, Kief.

It is easy to see what a profound impression a picture like this must make on the minds of people whose only knowledge of Christian traditions has been through oral teachings, who have no books. These pictures in Vladimir Cathedral are famous all over the country, for, while they do have a good deal of merit from the purely artistic standpoint, they are to the average illiterate Russian an almost miraculously lifelike presentation of holy things to the sense of sight. This open door of the tomb where flowers burst into blossom, this worn body and mysterious face of the risen Christ,—these become wonderfully real to the devout worshippers here. Henceforward he has a definite mental image to call up whenever he thinks of the old story. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims come every year to Kief from all parts of the empire, many of them from remote country regions where no good pictures were ever seen. A visit to this cathedral, a chance to say a prayer before this altar, perhaps to leave a candle for one of those tall stands of candlesticks,—it is the one great event in an otherwise uneventful life. Every Easter morning, all over the empire, the familiar greeting between friends and neighbors is "Christ is risen!"—"He is risen indeed!" Those who have ever made the pilgrimage to Kief no doubt think of this picture as they repeat the traditional phrases.

The "Virgin and Child," painted on the screen at the left of the doorway, is a beautiful piece of work, and deserves the admiration devoted to it by the devout.

Just see how the Russian predilection for domes expresses itself again in the ornamental finials of these marble posts. They are like the roofs of tiny cathedrals.

And here is another bit of architectural inheritance from the past—a curious bit of art history. Don't you know how a child's face, or his voice, or some trick of his manner, will surprise you by bringing to life again the very look or gesture of his grandfather or his great-uncle—some far-back and long-dead man of the line from which he springs? Here we have a case of that very persistence of an inherited way of doing things; and it goes back to Egypt, even before the days of Moses and that storied Pharaoh who would not let the Israelites go.

Look over the top of the holy screen to the concave wall beyond,—the portion just under the "drum" with the circles of crosses and stars. The standard of a large cross is in your way, but you can see pretty well in spite of it. Do you observe that circle filled with a much-elaborated Greek cross and with a pair of wing-like figures spreading horizontally from it, one on each side? There is, besides, a little curly spiral, standing nearly erect, one above each "wing." This combination of a circle or globe, two curves rising vertically and two wings spreading horizontally is a mediæval modification of a very ancient bit of symbolic ornament. It comes to us from the Egyptian usage of three or four thousand years ago. The circle in the middle used to mean Creative Power. The curling scrolls on each side (they were two asps in the ancient Egyptian carvings) stood for Distributive Power. The outspread wings meant Protective Power. The Egyptians in Moses' time used to carve such symbols over the doorways of their temples and their dwellings to invite or to represent the protection of the manifold Divine Power that they felt was overruling the universe. It was from a knowledge of this Egyptian custom (knowledge gained through their own

captivity in Egypt), that the Hebrews derived their own figurative expression about abiding "under the wings," that is, under the Protective Power, of the Almighty. Indeed, it is indirectly from the same old Egyptian ornament that our familiar nineteenth-century hymn takes its phraseology; for we learned the figure of speech, in our turn, from the Old Testament writers:—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

And here we come across a Russian translation of the same idea, a translation not into words but into church decoration, showing our common inheritance from the far-away past on the shores of the far-away Nile!

ODESSA.

Moving on southward from Kief, we leave the older Russia behind us. Odessa, on the shore of the Black Sea, is distinctly new, hardly more than a hundred years old, in fact, and it is essentially a commercial centre. Not given to grand religious ceremonies like Holy Moscow, nor devoted to politics and court fashions like St. Petersburg, it attracts a cosmopolitan variety of people who make money in trade.

Not but what the site of the city is historic. Away back in the days of Pericles—who knows? perhaps in the days of Helen of Troy—there was a town of some sort at Odessa; but its relics have vanished. There is no traceable connection between the Odessa of the classics and the Odessa of today. And then the Turks took their turn at occupying the place with a fortress, but that day passed also. By the treaty of Jassy in 1791, Turkey ceded this region to Russia, and local history began all over again. For Odessa we can have recourse only to our general map of Russia.

92. Richelieu Street, Odessa.

It is not so much the fashion to canonize people as it used to be; and, now we think of it, the first governor of Odessa, Duke Richelieu, for whom this fine street was named, was an emigrant from France and probably not a member of the orthodox Greek Church; but if ever a provincial governor deserved to be

reckoned a saint, Duke Richelieu is the one. When he came here in 1803, Alexander I was anxious to develop what was then only a small and shabby town int) something commercially effective. The Duke laid out these fine streets, built substantial wharves and warehouses, enlarged trade by encouraging the establishment of Greek and other merchants, in addition to the Russians, and acted altogether with both discretion and enthusiasm in the development of his adopted city, increasing its population in eleven years from nine thousand to twenty-five thousand. (Now it has 400,000.) This in itself is not so much of a marvel. But it is a pretty well authenticated fact that when the Duke decided, after Napoleon's downfall, to leave the then flourishing town of Odessa and go back to his native land, he went quite as poor as he had come, not a rouble of Odessa money having clung to his fingers in the course of his administration. He took with him no end of affectionate regard on the part of his fellow-citzens, but his material baggage consisted of a single portmanteau containing his uniform and two clean shirts!

The buildings here in Odessa are, you see, not especially Russian in point of architecture. They are very much like buildings in Paris or Vienna or our own American cities. The streets are well kept, and trees are planted with a generous hand. Most of those which we see are acacias.

The people we meet in the streets are of all sorts and nationalities, but the dress of southern Europe seems to prevail. That young man with the big, paper-covered bundle might be a townsman of our own. The very neckties and coat-collars begin to have a familiar cut. Yes, we are almost on the outer threshold of the Czar's country.

At the farther end of the street is the entrance to Odessa's great Opera House. It is a much more extensive building than any one would imagine standing here. If we pass down the street, turn to our right for several blocks and look back at it from an elevated position, its magnificence will be appreciated.

93. The Opera House, Odessa.

This is the pride of Odessa, its magnificent Opera House, built only a few years ago (1887). These Russian cousins of ours are devotedly fond of music and the drama; they know what good music is, too. The national Church does not allow the use of organs, but the singing in Russian churches is proverbially fine; the men take to song as naturally as ducks to water, and those who have any part in formal religious services are given excellent technical training, so in church at least even the poorest city-bred Russian hears good music, good of its kind. Whole volumes have been written about the ballads and folk-songs of the Russian peasantry; they are fond of music, too. There are admirable operas by Russian composers which are exceedingly popular, and music-loving citizens of any large town like Odessa know, besides, much of the best work of the composers of other countries.

The State government makes appropriations for the support of the opera and drama in Russia; there are government schools for the training of actors, singers and dancers. Besides, they have plenty of money to spend in a place like Odessa, for business interests here are enormous, and wealth accumulates fast. It has cost a pretty penny to build such a palace of music as this dignified and magnificent pile, but Odessa is abundantly

able to pay the bills. She may be young, but her position as one of the few first-rate seaports of the whole empire sends a large part of the enormous agricultural wealth of the country flowing through her hands.

It would be interesting to know whether those oddly laid-out flower-beds just this side of the Opera House spell out some Russian motto, or whether they are only decorative combinations of curves,—a fantasy in landscape gardening. They really look from here like a bit of Russian hand-writing on an enormous scale.

A singular contrast to the fanciful elaboration of the Moscow churches is the Odessa Cathedral.

94. The Cathedral, Odessa.

In the first place, most of the older churches were built in the form of a Greek cross, with arms of equal length, while this is in the form of a Latin cross, the dome rising over the junction of the nave (main body) and transepts (cross arms). From the architectural standpoint it is more suggestive of Byzantine than Russian church building, for an old Byzantine custom was to build in the inherited form of the still earlier Roman basilica, the main body of the church holding its vaulted roof—as here—higher than the roof of the side aisles, and lighting the clear-story or upper part of the interior by means of windows placed like these semicircular ones, up next to the eaves. But here the Byzantine character of this particular exterior comes to an end; for the round-arched windows below, clustered in threes, are not any part of the old historic ideal; and that three-storied bell-tower with its tapering spire seems to have nothing whatever

to do with the rest of the structure unless it is to insistently and rather brutally compete with the more dignified dome for predominance in the general effect. The church really cannot be said to be impressive or beautiful as we see it from under the locust trees in the big, open square. But the interior is good beyond the outside promise.

95. Interior of the Cathedral, Odessa.

Here we have an excellent chance to study architectural construction, if we are interested in the growth of ideas in such fields. We have all seen domes many a time, and—most of us—taken them easily for granted. But there were centuries and centuries of magnificent architectural construction before the cleverest men knew how to construct supports on which to raise a domical roof. In ancient Rome, as we know, they thought they had done wonders when they built the Pantheon, surmounting a cylindric wall with a domical top, and lighting it by a great hole in the centre of the roof that let in rain as well. For centuries more architects kept on supposing that only on a circular (or nearly circular, perhaps eight-sided) wall could a dome be firmly supported. Then the Greeks in Byzantium (Constantinople) worked at the problem, and they found a way which has been followed ever since. It was followed here. Look ahead to where the comparatively dark, vaulted roof of the nave stands out against the brilliantly light space just under the dome. At the right and at the left of this opening we see a huge, cornice-capped pier supporting the semicircular arch of the vaulting. At the farther side of the light space we can see two corresponding piers. These four, reinforced and buttressed by their relation

to the rest of the vaulted roof, support the dome; for, as we see by looking at the painted frescoes yonder, the portions of the church wall which rise from these corner piers, while they are rising, spread out into concave triangular spaces (pendentives, the architects call them), their upper edges finally uniting in a perfect circle. On this firmly braced circle rises a cylindric wall, the "drum" of the dome, pierced by windows as we saw from the outside (Stereograph 94), and on this drum rests the dome itself, symbolic of the over-arching heavens.

It is very easy when one knows how to do it! But, since men did not always know how to do it, we owe a great debt to the Byzantine builders of fifteen hundred years ago, who made their own experiments and taught their own conclusions to the rest of the European world.

That *ikonostasis,* or altar screen, with its painted panels, has a beautiful effect, closing our view from the nave and leaving only a hint of mysterious, sacred spaces beyond.

96. The Great Staircase, Odessa.

One of the sights of Odessa is this staircase street that extends from the harbor shore to the end of a fine boulevard at the top of the hill. Seeing it, don't you involuntarily wonder why such an idea is not oftener carried out? The very simplicity of the design gives it a monumental character; the effect is certainly dignified and majestic. It would be no small task to climb all those stairs. Twenty steps in each flight, ten flights to climb, we should be glad of the ten level landings for breathing space before we reached the top of the hill.

It is Duke Richelieu, the good governor who did his duty like a gentleman and a soldier, and scorned to get rich by office-holding, who stands there in bronze at the head of the stairs. He is looking off over our heads to sea, where the Odessa steam ships continually come and go.

And it is a busy place down below us on the harbor level. The trade is enormous. Something like three hundred million dollars' worth of grain alone is a modest estimate of the amount exported from Russia every year, the larger part of it being handled at Odessa.

97. Wheat for Export, Odessa.

It is a curious experience to go about the wharves and these adjoining streets, and see business in progress. Yonder are the ships and steamers ready to carry Russian food-stuffs to all parts of the world. England has been the largest buyer of Russian wheat, taking about a third of the whole exports, and a great many of the vessels entering the harbor are naturally English. The railway train over there, between us and the water, looks like business too. But is not this square full of grain-bags and meditative steers a strange compound of the commercial and the pastoral? Those loads must be tremendously heavy. No wonder the hard-worked beasts are glad to take their recess-time lying down; but the effect suggests cattle-pieces in the Hermitage picture galleries rather than the haste and bustle of the docks to which we Americans are most accustomed.

The contents of these fat bags may have come from Little Russia, the wide prairie region where we lingered to see the peasant family by their log-house. There are rich grain lands

in those regions as well as in the Valley of the Volga, and both men and women work at the harvesting. The grain has come down the river in barges and freight steamers, and now here it is, ready for shipment to feed other lands with less broad fields.

Yes, Russia's present is great, and her future will be greater. The rest of the world needs her golden grain. She needs—shall we say the rest of the world? But that would be to enter upon a discussion of politics, which is quite another story.

One of the peculiarly interesting things to be seen in the vicinity of Odessa is the making of salt. Did you ever see the evaporation of sea-salt in process? Then this is your chance. Out on the great marshes of Solinen, beside the Black Sea, some twenty miles east of Odessa, there are acres on acres, indeed, miles on miles of space devoted to the characteristic industry of this region.

98. Overlooking the Extensive Salt-Fields of Solinen, Russia.

Geologists tell us that all our deposits of rock-salt in different parts of the world are probably the result of the slow evaporation and crystallization of pre-historic seas. Here at Solinen they merely hurry nature's processes a little, spreading the sea-water out in thin layers that it may leave its salt treasure on the earth when it departs skyward by invitation of sun and wind. The level land is divided into sections by means of intervening dikes, built up in much the same general way as that of children's "play-houses," marked out in the dirt of a roadside or a school-yard, its partition walls indicated by little scraped-up

ridges of earth or pebbles. The whole thing is laid out with the exactness of an architect's ground-plan, as we should see if we could get a bird's-eye view from a balloon. Here and there are sluiceways leading from one section to another, which can be opened or closed as desired, admitting the sea-water from this canal at our feet, and allowing its passage from one section to another, or keeping it confined, according to circumstances. Several months are required for the complete evaporation of the ordinary depth of water. The sun and the wind take their time about it. But, in order to utilize the working force to the best advantage and make the production fairly regular, different sections or reservoirs are flooded at successive intervals, so that there are always some portions of the field ready for the harvesters.

Those tent-like masses over yonder ranged inside the great, enclosing dike are stacks of glittering salt, extracted from sea-water, just like the water of this canal at our feet. About twenty thousand tons we see there now.

Come over now into one of the sections where the water has been evaporated.

99. A Reservoir After Evaporation.

What, the salt-workers are women? Yes, the greater number are women, and a hard life they have, too. Do you see that crust over the ground which the women are breaking up? That is the salt. This section where we stand now has been entirely evaporated, and when these women began work the ground at their feet was entirely covered with a three-inch crust of pinkish-gray salt-deposit. The surface of the ground-crust was marked off

into these squares, as boys might mark off a tennis-court on the surface of a snow-covered field, and then the women began carefully digging over each square in turn, taking off the crusty salt with as little disturbance as possible of the underlying earth, and hoeing the unclean mass into these separate mounds like hay-cocks. See, the square at our right, where two women are at work, is only partially uncovered. There we see a bit of the tough crust yet unbroken.

The discoloration of the salt when first evaporated is due partly to earthy matter and partly to animal matter; but it purifies itself gradually by standing a long time in the stacks.

These same women will later gather up their heaps of salt in carts or barrows, and drag the loads away to the proper stack for gradual bleaching. They are used literally like beasts of burden, poor souls,—pulling the heavy loads by means of bands across their foreheads, as a horse pulls against a breast-band or a collar. A man may walk behind to steady the load, but it is the women who do the pulling! Over beyond those division-walls you can see the stacks of another section. Yes, you can make out even from here the sloping framework of the "run," up which the heavy loads have to be pulled, one after another, to take them to the top of the slowly growing pile.

For three years or thereabouts this salt we see here will remain in stack, slowly purifying. It will grow clearer and whiter with time, and at last become sufficiently snowy to be sold and shipped away. Meanwhile, other sections of the great "farm" will have come into bearing, one after another, leaving new salt-crusts to be picked to pieces and piled in heaps, to be dragged away to the stacks, to wait and bleach into similar purity. It goes on and on forever.

A symbol of hospitality this salt becomes later, when time and distance have had a chance to lend it poetic flavor and glamor. You remember that gorgeously arrayed Lord Mayor of St. Petersburg whom we saw at the Troitsky Bridge (Stereograph 38) had only the day before ceremonially offered bread and salt to the royal guests of the Czar as a token of the national welcome.

With us, the actual, material stuff is so cheap a commodity that it is indeed a scathing estimate of a man's practicality to declare that he is "not worth his salt." But if we ourselves had to earn not only our salt but our bread too, working like these heavy-faced women of Solinen, we should find our own economic problems desperately intensified. Well, Russia must solve her own problems. She is not quite ready for General Federations of Women's Clubs. We probably have enough to do minding our own affairs, personal and national, without undertaking to lay out her course of procedure. The Lord and the Czar must work it out together.

It is time for us to go. We have crossed the land of the Slav from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and we come to the shore whence we can look off to other worlds.

100. The Black Sea, from the Russian Coast.

There is something endlessly fascinating about this outlook as we stand on the shore and gaze over the dancing waters. If we could go "flying, flying south," beyond that distant horizon, what should we find? Miles on miles of sea; then the ancient lands of Asia Minor, where the heroes of the Iliad fought, with

gods for and against them, and whence Æneas came to be the founder of the Roman world and of western civilization. Then we should cross the eastern end of the blue Mediterranean where the merchants of Tyre and Sidon went on their voyages of business and adventure a long time ago. And then, after all that, we should come to the mysterious Nile Valley, lined with pyramids and temples and tombs, the marvelous country whose beginnings in human life and work go back so far into the vague, hazy past that it makes us dizzy to think of them . .

There is no end to our possible southward journey.

And how it does make one long for further travel! If anything could keep us here, it would be a winsome, dark-eyed girl like this, sitting here on the rocks. She might be a Lorelei, singing to the sailors in that approaching boat and luring them to a fearful doom; but we will never believe it of her! More likely her mission is to save from rocks and shoals, by keeping the light of a womanly heart shining out of honest eyes.

The fresh wind and the dancing waters are calling us. Don't you hear them and feel them too? Even the faithful wife of Ulysses could not make him content to stay always in the chimney-corner, after he had tasted the joys of wandering over the wide world. Will not that boat come in-shore to take us away, far, far out to sea, beginning ever new journeys? We know just what Ulysses meant:—

> "Much have I seen and known, cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> . . . . . .
> Yet all experience is an arch, wherethrough
> Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
> Forever and forever while I move . . . ."

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Maps & Plans

RUSSIA

Through the Stereoscope

Contents

I. General Map of Russia and Southern Finland.
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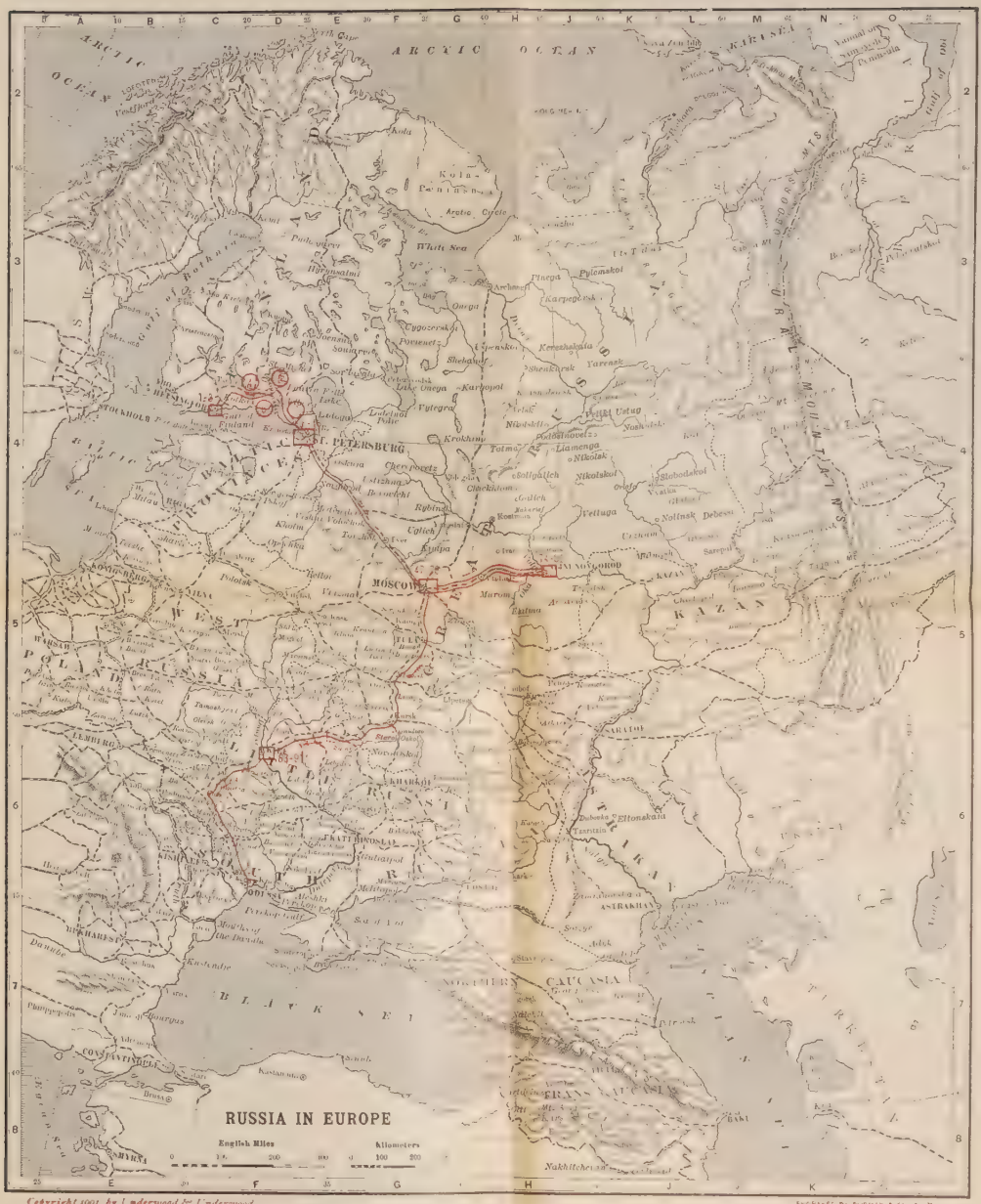

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EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red line with arrows shows the general route along which the places to be seen in the stereographs are located.

(2) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The rectangles in red, (☐), indicate the sections that are given on special maps on a larger scale. Four special maps are given of St. Petersburg and its surroundings and two of Moscow.

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EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red lines on this map mark out the territory shown in the respective stereographs.

(2) The numbers in circles refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The apex < , or point from which two lines branch out, indicates the place from which the view was taken, viz., the place from which we look out, in the stereograph, over the territory between the two lines.

the limits of our vision on the right and left when looking at the stereograph

(5) The stereograph number without a circle is frequently placed at the end of each

(6) Sometimes the encircled number is placed where it can be seen better and a zigzag line runs to the apex to which it refers.

Pétrograd
Volny Ostrov
Ostrov
Gorodskoi
Ostrov
Vassilievskoi
Ostrov
Petrovskoie Pole
Smolenskoie
Pole
Ostrov Gorodskoi
Volny ou Krougly Ostrov
Volynkina Derevnia
Penteleva Derevnia
Convent de Novo Dexitchy
Cimetière Mitrofan
Laboratoire de l'Artillerie
Volkovo Pole
Volkovskoi
Volkova Derevnia
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ST. PETERSBURG.

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261. Military Prison.... H3
262. Secretaries for Finland Office..... E6
263. Catholic Seminary DE6
264. Orthodox Seminary I7
265. Senate..... E5
266. Free Economic Society..... F7
267. Holy Synod..... E5
268. Synagogue D6
269. Telegraph..... E6
270. Alexander Theater G6
271. Kamenno-Ostrovsky Theater..... D1
272. Hermitage Theater F5
273. Marünsky Theater. E6
274. Michailovsky Theater..... F5
Panaevsky (Map II) E5
275. Lesser Theater (Malyi)..... F6
276. Theatrical School (Imperial Management of Theaters) G6
277. Central Treasury.. G4
Treasury (Map II). E6
278. District Court..... G4
279. Provincial Court... E6
280. University E5
281. Gas Works..... F8

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EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM

(1) The red lines on the map, each with a number on the respective stereograph

(2) The [illegible] refer to [illegible]

(3) The apex of < , or point from which two lines branch out, indicates the place from which the view was taken, viz., the place from which we look out, to the stereograph over the territory covered by the two lines

(4) The [illegible] indicate the limits of the stereographed scene, or the limits of our vision to the right and left when looking at the [illegible] shown in a stereograph

(5) Sometimes the encircled number is placed where it can be seen better and a zigzag line runs to the apex to which it refers.

(7) Where the field of view in the stereographed scene is limited, its location is designated by the number of the stereograph in a circle without the branching lines.

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Patented France, March 26, 1900. S. G. D. G. Switzerland. Patent Nr 21,211.
Patents applied for in other countries

EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.
(2) The rectangles in red, ' □ ', show the boundaries of the maps "St. Petersburg," "St. Petersburg, Central Part," and "Peterhof."

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Patented U. S. A., August 21, 1900. *Patented Great Britain, March 22, 1900.*
Patented France, March 26, 1900. S. G. D. G. *Switzerland, Patent Nr 21,211.*
Patents applied for in other countries

EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1.) The red lines on this map mark out the territory shown in the respective stereographs.

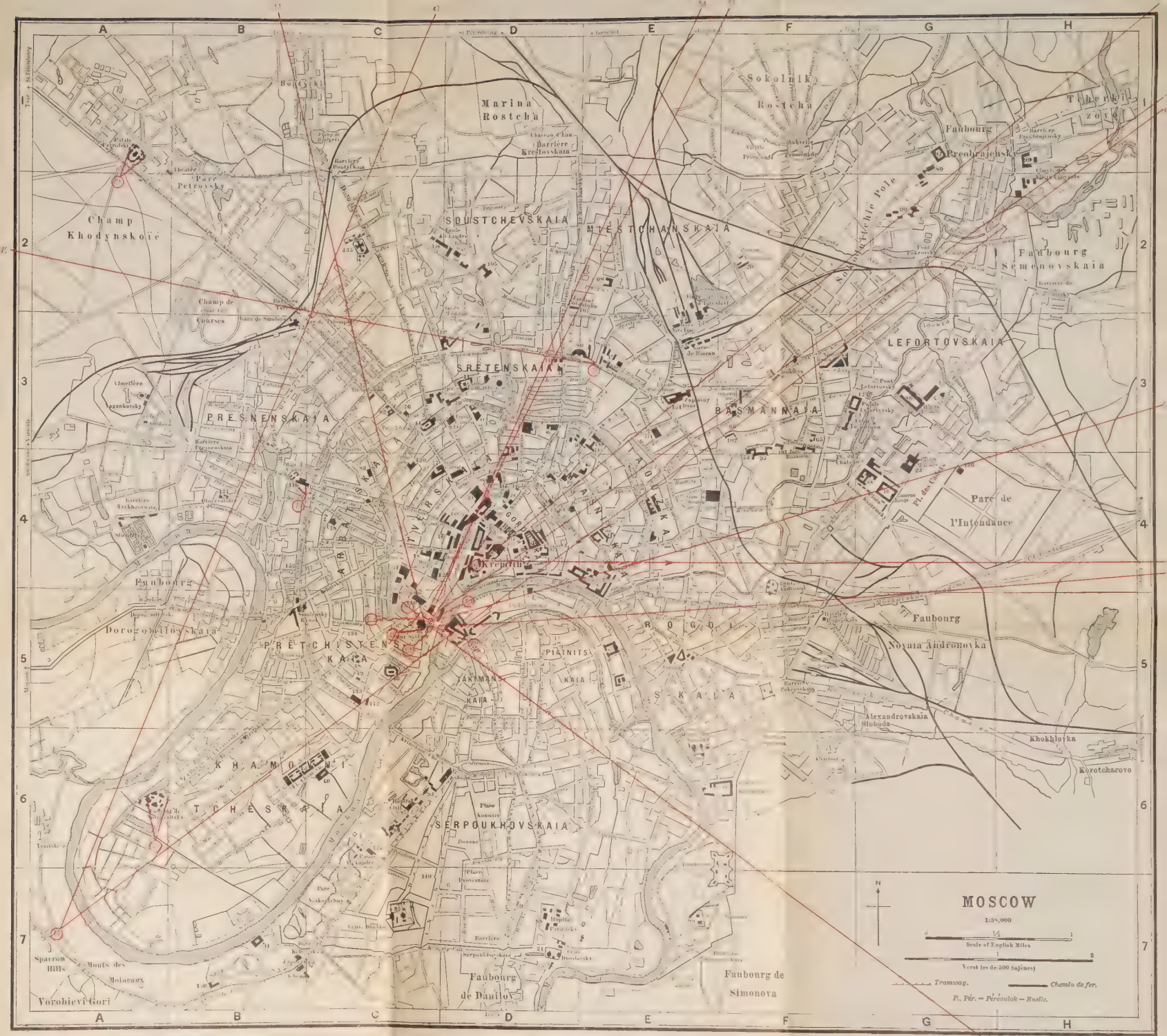
(2) The numbers in circles refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The apex (<), or point from which two lines branch out, indicates the place

over the territory between the two lines.

the limits of our vision on the right and left when looking at the stereograph.

zigzag line runs to the apex to which it refers.



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Patented France, March 20, 1900. No. 6
Switzerland. Patent No. 21,311
Patents applied for in other countries

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EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red lines on this map mark out the territory shown in the respective stereographs.

(2) The numbers in circles refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The apex ( ), or point from which two lines branch out, indicates the place from which the view was taken, viz., the place from which we look out, in the stereograph, over the territory between the two lines.

(4) The branching lines ( ) indicate the limits of the stereographed scene, viz. the limits of our vision on the right and left when looking at the stereograph.

(5) The stereograph number without a circle is frequently placed at the end of each branching line (example 47) to help locate quickly the space shown in a stereograph.

(6) Sometimes the encircled number is placed where it can be seen better and a zigzag line runs to apex to which it refers.

(7) Where the field of view in the stereographed scene is limited, its location is designated by the number of the stereograph in a circle without the branching lines.

(8) Many of the stereographs of St. Petersburg can be located more satisfactorily on the map, "St. Petersburg, Central Part."

MOSCOW.

List of Places on the Map.

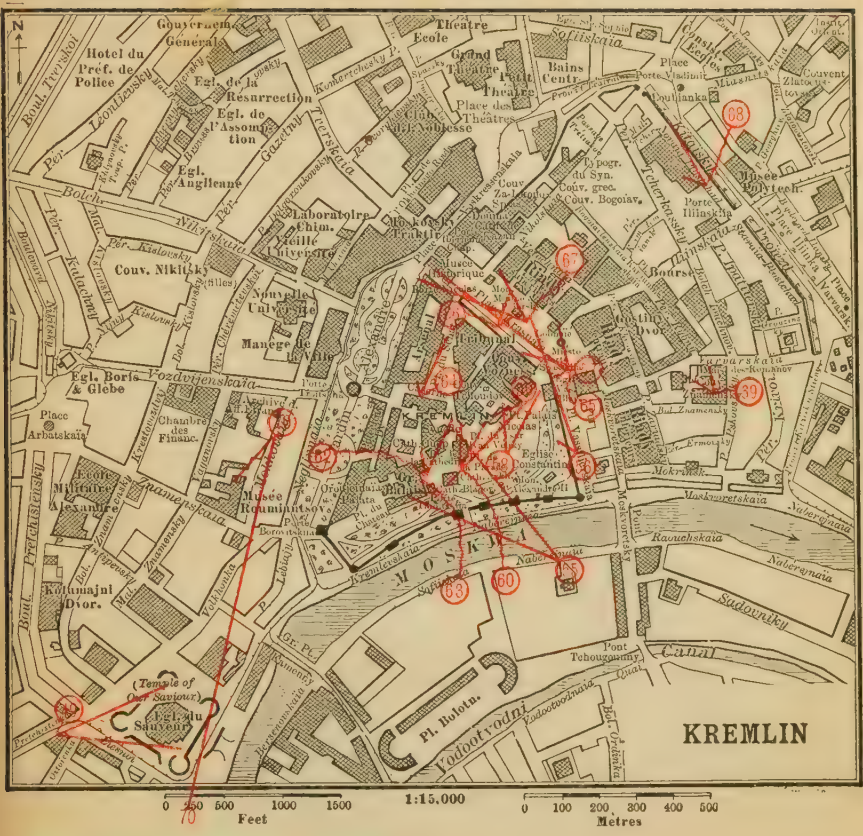
1. Commercial Academy E4
2. Law Archives..... B6
3. Foreign Ministry Archives..... C4
4. Arsenal..... D4
5. Insane Asylum.....G1, 2
6. Children Asylum.... D7
7. Pokrov Association (hospital)..... G2
8. Stock Exchange.... D4
9. Alexander Barracks D7
10. Cavalry Barracks.... C6
11. Gendarme Barracks D3
12. Kremlin Barracks.. D4
13. Khamovnitzy Barracks.....BC6
14. Krootizkija Barracks EF6
15. Pokrovskija Barracks.. ..... E4
16. Red Barracks..... G4
17. Spasskija Barracks.. E3
18. Chamber of Finance C4
19. Chapel of Iberian Virgin..... D4
20. Club of the Nobles.. D4
21. College for Girls..... C3
22. Imperial College (3d) D4
23. Military Schools (1st and 2d)..... G4
24. Military School (4th) G4
25. Old Commissariat... E5
26. New Commissariat.. E5
27. Guardians Council.. E4
28. Ecclesiastical Consistory..... D4
29. Alexeievsky Convent F2
30. Andronovsky " F4
31. Danilovsky " D7
32. Donskoi " C7
33. New Convent of Savior..... E6
34. St. Nicholas Greek Convent..... D4
35. Ivanovsky Convent. E4
36. Novo-Devitchij " A6
37. Pokrovsky " F5
38. Rojdestvenskij " D3
39. Simonovskij " E7
40. Sretenskij " D3
41. Strastnoj " C3
42. Tchoodov " D4
43. Vosnessenskij " D4
44. Vyssoko-Petrovskij Convent..... D3
45. Zaikonospasskij Convent..... D4
46. Zatchatievskij Convent..... C5
47. Znamenskij Convent D4
48. Female (Alex.-Mar.) School..... C5
49. Commercial School. C5
50. School of Arts..... E3
51. Alexander Military School..... C4
52. Nicholas (Fem.) School..... E4
53. Normal School..... F3
54. Technical School.... F3

(*See also Colleges, Institutes and Lyceums.*)

55. Church Armenian.. E4
56. Church Arkhangelsky Cathedral..... D4
57. Church Annunciation..... D4
58. Church Kazanskzja. D4
59. " Assumption D4
60. " of St. Vasilij D4
61. " of Ascension E4
62. " of Saviour.. C5
63. " Reform E4
64. " of St. Luke. D3, 4
65. " of St. Michel F3
66. " of Nikita... F3
67. " of St. Peter and Paul (cath.).. D3
68. Church Lutheran E4
69. Depot of Kursk-Nijnij-Novgorod, EF4
70. Depot of Riazan.... E3
72. " of Smolensk. B3
73. " of Jaroslavl, E2, 3
74. Nicolaevsky Depot.. E3
75. Gostinyj Dvor..... D4
76. Civil Government... C3
77. General Government.....CD4
78. Office of Imperial Stud..... C4
79. Clynic of Catherine. D3
80. " Scheremetievskaja.....DE3
81. Clinic University.... B6
82. " Ophthalmic... C3
83. " Children C4
84. Clynic Golitzynskaja C6
85. " Mariinskaja .. D2
86. " Military G3
87. " Municipal..... C6
88. " Pavlovskij.... D7
89. " Preobrajenskaja..... G1
90. Clynic Vladimirskaja..... G2
91. Hospital Alexeievskij..... B7
92. Hospital of Catherine G1
93. " Civil..... C6
94. " of Foundlings..... E4
95. Hospital (branch).. F3
96. " for Workmen D3
97. " Kyrakinskij. E3
98. " Nabilkovskij. E2
99. " Preobrajenskij..... H1
100. City Hall..... D4
101. Institute Elizabethian (fem.)..... F3
102. Institute Konstantinovskij..... F3
103. Institute Lazarevskij..... D4
104. Institution (fem.) Alexeiev.....CD2
105. Institution (fem.) of Catherine..... D2
106. Ivan the Great..... D4
107. Botanical Garden..DE2
109. Zoological Garden. B3
110. Kolymajnyj Dvor.. C5
111. Lobnoe Place..... D4
112. Lyceum of the Czarewitch NC5
113. Provision Store.... C5
114. House of Detention E3
115. House of Romanoffs..... D4
116. Widow House..... B4
117. City Riding Academy..... D4
118. Monument of Minin D4
119. Monument of Poushkin..... C3
120. Museum of Industrial Arts..... D3
121. Museum Historical. D4
122. Museum Polytechnical..... D4

123. Museum Roumiantzovskij C4
124. Observatory..... B4
125. Palace Alexandrov C6
126. " Kremlin.... D4
127. " Granovitaja Palata..... D4
128. Palace Lefortovskij.....FG3
129. Palace Nicolaevskij..... D4
130. Department of Police C4
131. Fire Department... C5
132. Red Gates..... E3
133. General Post Office E3
134. Powder Magazine.. EF6, 7
135. Central Prison..... C2
136. Military Prison ... G4
137. Seminary CD3
138. Senate..... D4
139. Philanthropic Society.....DE4
140. Deaf-Mutes Asylum C7
141. Synod..... D4
142. Synodal Printing Establishment.... D4
143. Telegraph Central Office..... E3
144. Grand Theater..... D4
145. Lesser Theater..... D4
146. Theatrical School.. D4
147. Soukharevskaja Tower..... D3
148. University..... D4
149. University Printing Office..... D3
150. Villa of Mamontov B7
151. Zapasry Dvor..... E3
152. Church of the Nativity..... B4

For references to the Plans of Moscow in the text, concerning the central part of the city, consult Plan II.


KREMLIN
Theatre
Ecole
Grand Theatre
Petit Theatre
Bains Centr.
Hotel du Prés. de Police
Egl. de la Resurrection
Egl. de l'Assomption
Egl. Anglicane
Laboratoire Chim.
Couv. Nikitsky
Manege de Cavalerie
Egl. Boris & Glebe
Chambre des Financ.
Musée Roumiantsov
Ecole Militaire Alexandre
Kolimajni Dior.
Temple of Our Saviour
Egl. du Sauveur
Musée Historique
Tribunal
Bourse
Gostiny Dior
Musée Polytech.
Pont Tchougounny
Pl. Bolotn.
Sadovnitzkii
Canal
Nabereznaia
Moskvoretskaia
Kremlevskaia
Mokritzk.
Vozdvijenskaia
Znamenskaia
Prechistenskii Boul.
Tverskoi Boul.
Nikitskii Boul.
Gazetnyi P.
Bolchaia Nikitskaia
Per. Kistovski
Per. Leontievski
Per. Kalachnyi
Per. Arbatski
Per. Kamennoi
Per. Gagarinski
Per. Sivtzev Vrajek
Per. Chertolski
Per. Kriviakolski
Per. Kolymajni
Per. Volkhonka
Per. Lebiajii
Per. Gr. Pr.
Per. Ivanovski
Per. Ivanovski Spusk
Per. Borovitzkii
Per. Kremlevski
Per. Tchudovski
Per. Tchudovski Spusk
Per. Voskresenski
Per. Voskresenski Spusk
Per. Ilinski
Per. Ilinski Spusk
Per. Nikolski
Per. Nikolski Spusk
Per. Varvarski
Per. Varvarski Spusk
Per. Rybnikov
Per. Rybnikov Spusk
Per. Kitaiski
Per. Kitaiski Spusk
Per. Solianka
Per. Solianka Spusk
Per. Maroseiski
Per. Maroseiski Spusk
Per. Kuznetski
Per. Kuznetski Spusk
Per. Petrovski
Per. Petrovski Spusk
Per. Rojdestvenski
Per. Rojdestvenski Spusk
Per. Sretenski
Per. Sretenski Spusk
Per. Lubianski
Per. Lubianski Spusk
Per. Miasnitzki
Per. Miasnitzki Spusk
Per. Myasnitzki
Per. Myasnitzki Spusk
Per. Pokrovski
Per. Pokrovski Spusk
Per. Armianski
Per. Armianski Spusk
Per. Gr. Tchernyshevski
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Patents applied for in other countries.

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(1) The red lines on this map mark out the territory shown in the respective stereographs.

(2) The numbers in circles refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

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(4) The branching lines < indicate the limits of the stereographed scene, viz., the limits of our vision on the right and left when looking at the stereograph.

shown in a stereograph.

(6) Sometimes the encircled number is placed where it can be seen better and a zigzag line runs to the apex to which it refers.

nes.

EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM

KIEF.

List of Places on the Map.

1. Theological Academy.
2. Chapel of St. George.
3. Girls' College.
4. Church of the Presentation.
5. Church of the Resurrection of Christ.
6. Samson's Fountain.
7. Great Bazaar.
8. Hotel of the Nobility.
9. House of Contracts.
10. Monument to Khmelnitzki.
11. Palace Terestchenks.
12. Hotel Levachev.
13. Seminary.

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